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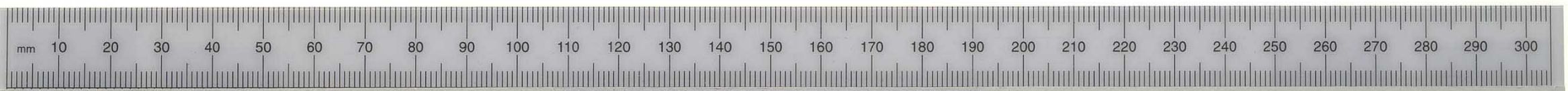
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Shakespeare The Tragedie of
H A M L E T
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Bernardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Bar. **VV** Hovethere?
Fran. Nay answer me. Stand and vnfold your selfe.
Bar. Long live the King.
Fran. Barnardo.
Bar. Hee.
Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre.
Bar. Tis now strooke twelue, get thee to bed Francisco.
Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.
Bar. Well, good night:
If you doe meete Horatio and Marcellus,
The riuals of my watch, bid them make hast.
Enter Horatio and Marcellus.
Fran. I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?
Hora. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leegemen to the Dane,
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O, farewell honest souldiers, who hath reliu'd you?
283 Fran. Barnardo hath my place; give you good night. *Exit Fran.*
B Mar.



The Tragedy of Hamlet.

Mar. Holla, *Barnardo*,
Bar. Say what is *Horatio* there?
Hora. A peece of him,
Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*,
Hora. What ha's this thing appeared againe to night?
Bar. I haue seene nothing.
Mar. *Horatio* sayes tis but a fantase,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minuts of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
Hee may approue our eyes and speake to it.
Hora. Tush, tush, twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe awhile,
And let vs once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our story,
What wee haue two nights seene.
Hora. Well sit wee downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.
Bar. Last night of all,
When yond same starre thats westward from the pole;
Had made his course t'illumine that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe
The Bell then beating one.
Enter Ghost. (gaine,
Mar. Peace, breake thee off looke where it comes a-
Bar. In the same figure like the King thats dead.
Mar. Thou art a Scholler speake to it *Horatio*.
Hora. Most like, it horrorres me with feare & wonder.
Bar. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Speake to it *Horatio*.
Hora. What art thou that vsurpst this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march: by heauen I charge the speake.
Mar. It is offended.
Bar. See it staukes away.

Prince of Denmarke.

Hora. Stay, speake, speake I charge thee speake. *Exit Ghost.*
Ma. Tis gone and will not answere.
Bar. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this something more then phantasie?
What thinke you of it?
Hora. Before my God I might not this beleue,
Without the fencible and true auouch
Of mine owne eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hora. As thou art to thy selfe:
Such was the very Armor hee had on,
When hee the ambitious *Norway* combated,
So frownde hee once when in an angry parlie
Hee smote the sleaded pollax on the ice.
Tis strange.
Mar. Thus twice before and iump at this dead houre,
With Martiall stauke hath hee gone by our watch.
Hora. In what perticular thought, to worke I know not,
But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me hee that knowes,
Why this same striel and most obseruant watch
So nightly toyles the subiect of the land,
And with such dayly cost of brazen Cannon
And forraine marte for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-wrights, whose sore taske
Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might bee toward, that this sweaty hast
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who ist that can informe mee?
Hora. That can I,
At least the whisper goes so, our last King,
Whose image euen but now appea'd to vs,
Was as you know by *Fortinbrasse* of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride
Dar'd to the combate; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteemd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbrasse*, who by a scald compact
Well ratified by law and Heraldry

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Did forfeit (with his life) all these his lands
Which hee stood seaz'd of, to the conquerour.
Against the which a moiety competent
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,
Had hee beene vanquisher; as by the same comart,
And carriage of the articles defeigne,
His fell to *Hamlet*; now Sir, young *Fortinbrasse*
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* heere and there
Sharkt vp a list of lawlesse resolute
For food and diet to some enterprise
That hath a stomake in't, which no other
As it doth well appeare vnto our state
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
And tearmes compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost; and this I take it,
Is the maine motiue of our preparations
The source of this our watch, and the cheefe head
Of this post-hast and romeage in the land.

Bar. I thinke it be no other but euen so;
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch so like the King
That was and is the question of these warres.

Hora. A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye:

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest *Iulius* fell
The graues stood tennantlesse, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the *Romane* streets
As staires with traines of fire, and dewes of bloud
Disasters in the Sunne; and the moist starre,
Vpon whose influence *Neptunes* Empier stands,
Was sick almost to doomesday with eclipse.
And euen the like precurse of feare euent
As harbingers preceeding still the fates
And prologue to the *Omen* comming on
Haue heauen and earth together demonstrated
Vnto our *Climatures* and contrimen.

Enter Ghost.

Prince of Denmarke.

But soft, behold, lo where it comes againe
Ile crosse it though it blast mee: stay illusion,
If thou hast any sound or vse of voice,
Speake to mee, if there be any good thing to bee done
That may to thee doe ease and grace to mee,
Speake to mee.
If thou art priuy to thy contryes fate
Which happily foreknowing may auoyd,
O speake:
Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death.
Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it *Marcellus*.

Mar. Shall I strike it with my partizan?

Hor. Doe if it will not stand,

Bar. Tis heere.

Hor. Tis heere.

Mar. Tis gone,

We doe it wrong being so Maiesticall
To offer it the shoue of violence,
For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.

Bar. It was about to speake when the cock crew:

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearefull summons; I haue heard,
The Cock that is the trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre,
Th'extrauagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth heerein
This present obiect made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
Some say that euer gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviours birth is celebrated
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit dare sturre abroad
The nights are wholesome, then no plannets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme

B 3

So

The Tragedy of Hamlet

I doe beseech you giue him leaue to goe.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will :
But now my Cousin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.

King. How is it that the clowdes still hang on you.

Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.

Queene. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,

Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids,
Seeke for thy noble Father in the dust,
Thou know'st tis common all that liues must dye,
Passing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Maddam, it is common.

Quee. If it bee
Why seemes it so perticuler with thee.

Ham. Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes,
Tis not alone my incky cloake could smother,
Nor customary futes of solemne black,
Nor windie suspiration of forst breath,
No, nor the fruitfull riuier in the eye,
Nor the deiected hauior of the visage,
Together with all formes, moods, shapes of griefe
That can deuore me truly, these indeed seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play,
But I haue that within which passes shewe,
These but the trappings and the suites of woe.

King. Tis sweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To giue these mourning duties to your Father,
But you must know your father lost a father,
That father lost, lost his, and the suruiuer bound
In filiall obligation for some tearme
To doe obsequious sorrowes, but to perseuer
In obstinate condelement, is a course
Of impious stubbornesse, tis vmanly griefe,
It shoues a will most incorrect to heauen,
A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient,
An vnderstanding simple and vn schoold,
For what we know must be, and is as common

Prince of Denmarke.

As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
Why should we in our peenish opposition
Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theame
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed
From the first course, till he that dyed to day
This must be so : we pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a father, for let the world take note
You are the most imediate to our throne,
And with no lesse nobility of loue
Then that which dearest father beares his sonne.
Doe I impart toward you for your intent,
In going back to schoole to *Wittenberg*,
It is most retrogard to our desire,
And we beseech you bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeest courtier, cosin, and our sonne.

Quee. Let not thy mother loose her prayers *Hamlet*,
I pray thee stay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obay you Madam.

King. Why tis a louing and a faire reply,
Be as our selfe in *Denmarke*, Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
No iocond health that *Denmarke* drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the clowdes shall tell,
And the Kings rowse the heauen shall brute againe,
Respeaking earthly thunder ; come away. *Florish. Exeunt all*

Ham. O that this too too sallied flesh would melt, but *Hamlet*.
Thaw and resoluie it selfe into a dew,
Or that the euermlasting had not fixt
His cannon gainst seale slaughter, o God, God,
How wary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seeme to me all the vses of this world ?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden,
That growes to seed, things ranck and grosse in nature,
Possesse it meereley that it should come thus

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Bur

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Put two months dead, nay not so much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satire, so louing to my mother,
That he might not beteme the winds of heauen
Visit her face, too roughly: heauen and earth
Must I remember, why she should hang on him
As if increase of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
Let me not thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman
A little month. Or ere those shooes were old
With which she followed my poore fathers body
Like *Niobe* all teares, why she
O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to *Heracles*, within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous teares
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes
She married Oh! most wicked speed; to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheetes,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my heart for I must hold my tougue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus and Bernardo.

Hora. Haile to your Lordshippe.
Ham. I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I do forget my
Hora. the same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.
Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,
And what make you from *Wittenberg* *Horatio*?
Marcellus.
Mar. My good Lord,
Ham. I am very glad to see you, (good euen sir)
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?
Hora. A truant disposition good my Lord.
Ham. I would not heare your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do my eare that violence
To make it trust of your owne report
Against your selfe, I know you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in *Elsonoure*?
Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

Hora.

11166 of Denmarkes

Hora. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.
Ham. I prethee doe not mocke me fellow student,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.
Hora. Indeed my Lord it followed hard vpon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in Heauen
Or euer I had seene that day *Horatio*.
My father me thinks I see my father.
Hora. Where my Lord?
Ham. In my mindes eye *Horatio*.
Hora. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.
Ham. A was a man take him for all in all
I shall not looke vpon his like againe.
Hora. My Lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw, who?
Hora. My Lord the King your father.
Ham. The King my Father?
Hora. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent iueare till I may deliuer
Vpon the witnesse of these gentlemen
This maruaile to you.
Ham. For Gods loue let me heare?
Hora. Two nights together had these gentlemen
Marcellus, and *Barnardo*, on their watch,
In the dead wast and middle of the night
Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father:
Armed at poynt, exactly *Capapea*
Appeares before them, and with solemne march,
Goes slowe and stately by them; thrice he walkt
By their opprest and feare surpris'd eyes,
Within this tronchions length, whilst they distill'd
Almost to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me,
In dreadfull secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Whereas they had deliuered both in time,
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparision comes: I knew your father,

C 2

These

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord vpon the platforme where wee watcht,

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Nora. My Lord I did,

But answer made it none, yet once mee thought

It lifted vp it head and did addresse

It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:

But euen then then the morning Cock crew loude,

And at the sound it shrunke in hast away

And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hora. As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true

And wee did thinke it writ downe in our duty

To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeepe sirs but this troubles me,

Hold you the watch to night?

All. Wee doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd say you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My Lord from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hora. O yes my Lord, hee wore his beauer vp.

Ham. What look't hee frowningly?

Hora. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Hora. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hora. Most constantly,

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hora. It would haue much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, staid it long?

Hora. While one with moderate hast might tell a hundreth.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hora. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was griss'd, no.

Hora. It was as I haue seene it in his life

A sable siluer'd.

Ham.

Ham. I will watch to night

Perchance twill walke againe.

Hora. I warn't it will

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,

He speake to it though hell it selfe should gape

And bid mee ho'd my peace; I pray you all

If you haue hetherto conceald this sight

Let it be tenable in your silence still,

And what what soeuer els shall hap to night,

Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue,

I will requite your loues, so fare you well:

Vpon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelue

He visit you.

All. Our duty to your honor.

Exeunt.

Ham. Your loues as mine to you, farewell.

My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,

I doubt some foule play, would the night were come,

Till then sit still my soule, foule deedes will rise

Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes,

Exit,

Enter Laertes and Ophelia his Sister.

Laer. My necessities are imbarckt, farewell,

And sister as the winds giue benefit

And conuay, in assistant do not sleepe

But let me heare from you.

Ophe. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet and the trifling of his fauour,

Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood,

A Violet in the youth of primy nature,

Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,

The perfume and suppliance of a minute

No more.

Ophe. Mo more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more.

For nature cressant does not grow alone,

In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes

The inward seruice of the mind soule

Growes wide withall, perhaps hee loues you now,

And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmerch

The vertue of his will, but you must tear,

C 3

His

The Tragedy of Hamlet

His greatnes waide, his will is not his owne,
He may not as vnalewed persons doe,
Crave for himselfe, for on his choise depends
The safety and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choise be circumscrib'd,
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body,
Whereof he is the head, then if he saies he loues you,
It fits your wisdom so farre to beleue it
As he in his particuler act and place
May giue his saying deede, which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
Then way what losse your honor may sustaine,
If with too credent eare you list his songs
Or loose your heart, or your chaste treasure open,
To his vnmastred importunity.
Feare it Ophelia, feare it my deare sister,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the shot and danger of desire,
„The chariest maide is prodigall enough
If she vnmaske her beauty to the Moone
„Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes
„The canker gaules the infant of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,
And in the morne and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent,
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare,
Youth to it selfe rebels though none else neare.

Ophe. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe,
As watchmen to my heart, but good my brother
Doe not as some vngracious pastors doe,
Show me the steepe and thorny way to heauen
Whiles a puffed, and reckles libertine,
Himselfe the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And reakes not his owne reed. *Enter Polonius.*

Laer. O feare me not,
I stay too long, but heere my father comes
A double blessing, is a double grace,
Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Pol. Yet here *Laertes*? a bord, a bord for shame,

Prince of Denmarke.

The wind sits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are staied for, there my blessing with thee,
And these few precepts in thy memory.
Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
Be thou famillier, but by no meanes vulgar,
Those friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them vnto thy soule with hoopes of Steele,
But do not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht vnstedd courage; beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that th'opposer may beware of thee.
Giue euery man thy eare, but few thy voyce,
Take each mans censure, but reserve thy iudgement.
Costly thy habite as thy purse can buy,
But not exprest in fancy; rich not gaudy,
For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man:
And they in France of the best ranck and station,
Or of a most select and generous, cheefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For loue oft looses both it selfe, and friend,
And borrowing dulleth the edge of husbandry:
This aboue all, to thine owne selfe be true
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then bee false to any man:
Farewell, my blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leaue my Lord.

Pol. The time inuests you, goe, your seruants tend,

Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue said to you.

Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farewell *Exit. Laertes.*

Pol. What ist *Ophelia* hee hath said to you?

Ophe. So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marry well berthought

Tis told me hee hath very oft of late

Giuen priuate time to you, and you your selfe

Haue of your audience beene most free and bountious,

The Tragedy of Hamlet

If it be so, as so tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely
As it behooues my daughter and your honor,
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth.

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girie,
Vnsifted in such perrilous circumstance,
Doe you belieue his tenders, as you call them?

Ophe. I doe not know my Lord what I should thinke.

Pol. Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie,
That you haue tane these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling: tender your selfe more dearely
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phraze)
Wrong it thus, youle tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable fashon.

Pol. I, fashon you may call it, go to, go to.

Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his speech
My Lord, with almost all the holy vowes of heauen.

Pol. I, springs to catch wood-cocks, I doe know
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the soule
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promise, as it is a making
You must not tak't for fire: from this time
Be some-thing scanter of your maiden presence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a command to parle; for Lord Hamlet,
Belieue so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger teder may he walke
Then may be giuen you: in few *Ophelia*,
Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their inuestments show
But meere implorators of vnholly suites,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguile: this is for all,
I would not in plaine termes from this time forth

Prince of Denmarke.

Haue you so flaunder any moments leasure
As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.

Ophe. I shall obey my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites shroudly, it is very colde.

Hora. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.

Ham. What hour now?

Hora. I thinke it lacks of twelue.

Mar. No, it is stooke

Hora. Indeepe; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season.
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke *A Flourish of trumpets and 2. peeces goes off.*
What does this meane my Lord?

Ham. The King doth walke to night and takes his rowle,
Keepes wassell and the swagging vp-spring reeles:
And as he diaines his drafts of Rennish downe,
The kettle drumme and trumper, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ist,
But to my mind, though I am natiue heere
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance.
This heauy-headed reuelle East and West
Makes vs tradu'cd and taxed of other Nations,
They clip vs drunkards and with swinish phraze
Soyle our addition, and indeed it takes
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marow of our attribute,
So oft it chanes in particuler men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Sinc nature cannot choofe his origen)
By their ore-grow'th of some complexion
Oft breaking downe the Pales and Forts of reason,
Or by some habiter that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plausiue manners, that these men
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect

Hamlet

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Reine

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes starre,
His Vertues els be they as pure as grace.
As infinit as man may vndergoe,
Shall in the generall censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of ease
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandall,

Enter Ghost.

Hora. Looke my Lord it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs!

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable;

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee; Ile call thee *Hamlet*,

King, father, royall Dane, & answere mee,

Let mee not burst in ignorance; but tell

Why thy Canoniz'd bones hearsed in death

Haue burst their cerements? why the Sepulcher,

Wherein wee saw thee quietly interr'd

Hath op't his ponderous and inarble iawes,

To cast thee vp againe? what may this meane

That thou dead corse, againe in compleat Steele

Reuisites thus the glimfes of the Moone,

Making night hideous, and wee fooles of nature

So horridly to shake our disposition

With thoughtes beyond the reaches of our soules,

Say why is this, wherefore, what should wee doe? *Beckon.*

Hora. It beckons you to goe away with it

As if it some impartment did desire.

To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what curteous action

It waues you to a more remooued ground,

But doe not goe with it.

Hora. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not speake, then I will follow it.

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why? what should bee the feare,

I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,

Prince of Denmarke.

And for my soule, what can it doe to that

Being a thing immortall as it selfe;

It waues me forth againe, Ile follow it.

Hora. What if it tempt you towards the flood my Lord,

Or to the dreadfull somnet of the cleefe

That bettels ore his base into the sea,

And there assume some other horrible forme

Which might depriue your soueraignty of reason,

And draw you into madnesse, thinke of it,

The very place puts toyes of desperation

Without more motiue, into euey braine

That lookes so many fadoms to the sea

And heares it rore beneath.

Ham. It waues me still,

Goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord,

Ham. Hold of your hands.

Hora. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out

And makes each petty artire in this body

As hardy as the Nemean Lyons nerue;

Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen

By heauen Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me,

I lay away, goe one, Ile follow thee. *Exit Ghost and Hamlet.*

Hora. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hora. Haue after, to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke.

Hora. Heauen will direct it.

Mar. Nay lets follow him.

Exeunt.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, speake, Ile goe no further.

Ghost. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My houre is almost come

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames

Must render vp my selfe.

Ham. Alasse poore Ghost,

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ghost. Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing
to what I shall vnfold.

Ham. Speake I am bound to here,

Ghost. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,
Doomd for a certaine tearme to walke the night,
And for the day confind to fast in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my daies of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale vnfolde whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like quills vpon the fearefull Porpentine:
But this eternall blazon must not be
To eares of flesh and blood list, list, O list,
If thou didst euer thy deare father loue.

Ham. O God.

Ghost. Reuenge his foule, and most vnaturall murder.

Ham. Murder,

Ghost. Murder most foule, as in the best it is,
But this most foule, strange and vnnaturall.

Ham. Hast me to know't, that I with wings as swift,
As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue
May sweep to my reuenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt,
And duller shouldst thou be then the fat weede
That rootes it selfe in ease on *Lethe* wharffe,
Wouldst thou not sturre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,
Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent stung me, to the whole care of *Denmarke*
Is by a forged proceffe of my death
Ranckely abused: but know thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my propheike soule! my Vncle:

Prince of Denmarke.

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and giftes that haue the power
So to seduce; wonne to his shamfull lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene;
O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there
From me whose loue was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand, euen with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Vpon a wretch whose natutall gifts were poore,
To those of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be mooued,
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt.
Will sort it selfe in a celestiall bed
And pray on garbage.

But soft, me thinkes I scent the morning ayre,
Brieft let me be; sleeping within my Orchard,
My custome alwayes of the afternoone,
Vpon my secure houre, thy Vncle sto'e
With iuyce of cursed *Hebona* in a viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure;
The leापrous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That swift as quicksiluer it courseth through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a sodaine vigour it doth possesse
And curde like eager droppings into milke,
The thin and wholesome blood; so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter barked about
Most Lazerlike with vile and lothsome crust
All my smooth body.

Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,
Cut off euen in the blossomes of my sinne,
Vnnuzled, disappointed, vn-anueld,
No reckning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head,
O horrible, O horrible, most horrible.
If thou hast nature in thee beare it nor,

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsomeuer thou pursues this act,
Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy soule contriue
Against thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,
And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge
To pricke and sting her: fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme shewes the matine to be neere
And gins to pale his vneffectuall fire,
Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

Ham. O all you host of heauen! O earth! what else,
And shall I coupple hell, O fielhold, my heart,
And you my sinnowes; grow not instant old,
But beare me swiftly vp; remember thee,
I thou poore Ghost whiles memory holds a seate
In this distracted globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memory
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,
All sawe of bookes, all formes, all pressuures past
That youth and obseruation coppied there,
And thy commandement all alone shall liue,
Within the booke and volume of my braine
Vnmixt with baser matter, yes by heauen.
O most prenicious woman.
O villaine, villaine, smiling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I set it downe
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine.
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.
So Vncle, there you are, now to my word.
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I haue sworn't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hora. Heauens secure him.

Ham. So be it.

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.

Prince of Denmarke.

Mar. How i'ft my noble Lord?

Hora. O, wonderfull!

Hora. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No, you will reueale it.

Hora. Not I my Lord by heauen.

Mar. Nor I my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would hart of man once thinke it,
But you'll be secret.

Both. I by heauen.

Ham. There's neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hora. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.

Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And so without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You, as your businesse and desire shall point you,
For euery man hath businesse and desire
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.

Hora. These are but wilde and whurling words my Lor.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you heartily,
Yes faith hartily.

Hora. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint Patrick but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence to, touching this vision heere,
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you,
For your desire to know what is betweene vs,
Ore-maister't as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, schollers, and souldiers,
Give me one poore request.

Hora. What i'ft my Lord, we will.

Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue scene to night.

Both. My Lord we will not.

Ham. Nay but swear't.

Hora. In faith my Lord not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ham. Vppon my sword.

Mar. Wee haue sworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeed vppon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cryes vnder the Stage.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so, art thou there true penny?

Come on, you heare this fellow in the Sellerige,
Consent to swear.

Hora. Propose the oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear,

Ham. *hio, & vbiqve*, then weele shift our ground:
Come hether Gentlemen

And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,

Swear by my sword

Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.

Ghost. Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said old Mole, canst worke it'h earth so fast,
A worthy Pioner once more remooue good friends.

Hora. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*
Then are dream't of in your Philosophy: but come
Heere as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,

(How strange or odde so mere I beare my selfe,

As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet,

To put an Antike disposition on

That you at such times seeing mee, neuer shall

With armes incombred thus, or this head shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrase,

As, well, well wee know, or wee could and if wee would,

Or if wee list to speake, or there be and if they might,

Or such ambiguous giuing out, to note)

That you knowe ought of mee, this doe weare,

So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest perturbed spirit: so Gentlemen,

Prince of Denmarke.

And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expresse his loue and frending to you
God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt, O cursed spight!
That euer I was borne to set it right.
Nay come, lets goe together.

Exeunt.

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol. Giue him this mony, and these two notes *Reynaldo*.

Rey. I will my Lord.

Pol. You shall doe maruelous wisely good *Reynaldo*,
Before you visite him, to make inquire,
Of his behauiour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Mary well said, very well said; looke you sir,
Enquire me first what *Danishers* are in Paris.

And how, and who, what meanes, and where they keepe,

What company, at what expence, and finding,

By this encompassment and drift of question

That they doe know my sonne, co ne you more neerer

Then your perticular demaunds will tuch it,

Take you as t' were some distant knowledge of him,

As thus, I know his father, and his friends,

And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?

Rey. I, very well my Lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may say, not well,

But y'ft be he I meane, hee's very wilde,

Addicted so and so, and there put on him

What forgeries you please, marry none so ranck

As may dishonour him, take heed of that,

But fir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,

As are companions noted and most knowne

To youth and libertie.

Rey. As gaming my Lord.

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,

Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so farre.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Fayth as you may season it in the charge.

You

The Tragedie of Hamlet

You must not put another scandall on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently
That they may seeme the taints of liberty,
The flash and out-bieake of a fiery mind,
A sauagenes in vnreclaimed blood,
Of generall assault.

Rey. But my good Lord.

Pol. Wherefor should you doe this?

Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry sir, heer's my drift,

And I beleue it is a fetch of wit,
You laying these flight sullies on my sonne.
As t'were a thing a little soyld with working,
Marke you, your party in conuerse, him you would sound
Hauing euer seene in the prenominat crimes
The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this cosequence,
Good sir, (or so,) for friend or Gentleman,
According to the phrasc, or the addition
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good my Lord.

Pol. And then sir does a this, a doos: what was I about to say?
By the masse I was about to say something.
Where did I leaue?

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes thus, I know the Gentleman
I saw him yesterday, or th'other day.
Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowse,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I saw him enter such or such a house of sale,
Videlizet, a brothell, or so forth, see you now,
Your bait of falshood: take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wisdom, and of reach,
With windlesse: and with assaies of bias,
By indirects find directions out,
So by my former lecture and aduise

Prince of Denmarke.

Shall you my sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

Rey. My Lord, I haue.

Pol. God buy yee, far yee well.

Rey. Good my Lord.

Pol. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

Rey. I shall my Lord,

Pol. And let him ply his musique.

Rey. Well my Lord.

Exit Rey.

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farwell. How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter?

Ophe. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted,

Pol. With what i'th name of God?

Ophe. My Lord, as I was sowing in my closset,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his stockins fouled,
Vngartred, and downe gyred to his anckle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke so pittious in purport
As if he had beene loosed out of hell
To speake of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy loue?

Ophe. My Lord I do not know,
But truly I doe feare it.

Pol. What said he?

Ophe. He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
He falls to such perusall of my face
As a would draw it; long stayd he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus wauiing vp and downe,
He raised a sigh so pittious and profound,
As it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his being; that done, he lets me go,
And with his head ouer his shoulders turn'd
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out a doores he went without their helps,
And to the last bended their light on me.

E 2

Pol.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Pol. Come, goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,
This is the very extacy of loue,
Whose violent property forgoes it selfe,
And leads the will to desperat vndertakings
As oft as any passions vnder heauen
That dooes afflēt our natures: I am sorry,
What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Ophe. No my good Lord, but as you did commaund
I did repell his letters: and denied
His accessse to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heede and iudgement
I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wracke thee, but beshrow my Ielousie:
By heauen it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond our selues in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion; come, goe we to the King,
This must be knowne, which beeing kept close, might moue
More griefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue,
Come.

Exeunt.

Florisb. Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and
Gyldesterne.

King. Welcome deere Rosencraus and Gyldesterne,
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,
The need we haue to vse you did prouoke
Our hasty sending, something haue you heard
Of Hamlets transformation, so call it,
Sith nor th' exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was, what it should be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him,
So much from the vnderstanding of himselfe
I cannot dreame of: I entreat you both,
That beeing of so young daies brought vp with him,
And sith so neighbored to his youth and hau- r,
That you voutsafe your rest heere in our Court
Some little time, so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather

So

Prince of Denmarke.

So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether ought to vs vnkowne afflicts him thus,
That open lies within our remedy.

Quee. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And sure I am, two men there are not liuing,
To whome he more adheres, if it will please you
To shew vs so much gentry and good will,
As to extend your time with vs a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shal receiue such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Ros. Both your Maiesties
Might by the soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures more into commaund
Then to intreaty.

Gyl. But we both obey,
And here give vp our selues in the full bent,
To lay our seruice free'y at your feete

King. Thanks Rosencraus, and gentle Gyldesterne,

Quee. Thanks Gyldesterne, and gentle Rosencraus.
And I beseech you instantly to visite
My too much changed sonne: geese some of you
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Gyl. Heauens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

Quee. I Amen.

Exeunt Ros. and Gyl.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'embassadors from Norway my good Lord,
Are ioyfully returnd.

King. Thou still hast beene the father of good newes.

Pol. Haue I my Lord? I assure my good Liege
I hold my duty as I hold my soule.

Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I doe thinke, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie so sure
As it hath vsd to doe, that I haue found
The very cause of Hamlets lunacy,

King. O speake of that, that do I long to heare.

E 3

Pol.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Pol. Giue first admittance to th'embassadors,
My newes shall be the frute to that great feast,

King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in,
He tells me my decree: *Gertrud* he hath found
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.

Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine,
His fathers death, and our hasty marriage,

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall fitt him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

Volte. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;

Vpon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephews leuies, which to him appeard
To be a preparation gainst the *Pollacke*,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your highnesse, whereat greued
That so his sicknesse, age, and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in breefe obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Vncle, neuer more
To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiesty:
Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
Giues him threescore thousand crownes in annuall fee,
And his commission to imploy those souldiers,
So leuied (as before) against the *Pollacke*,
With an entreaty herein further shone,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions for this enterprise
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well,
And at our more considered time, wee'le read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:
Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,
Goe to your rest, at night wee'le feast together,
Most welcome home,

Exeunt Embassadors.

Pol. This busines is well ended,

Prince of Denmarke.

My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate
What maiesty should be, what duety is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to wast night, day, and time,
Therefore breuity is the soule of wit,
And tediousnes the limmes and outward florishes:
I will be breefe your noble sonne is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,
What ist but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with lesse art.

Pol. Maddam, I sweare I vse no art at all,
That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pittie,
And pittie tis, tis true, a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will vse no art,
Mad let vs grant him then, and now remains
That wee find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say the cause of this defect
For this effect defectiue comes by cause:
Thus it remains and the remainder thus
Perpend,

I haue a daughter, haue while she is mine,
Who in her duety and obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this, now gather and surmise,

*To the Celestiall and my soles Idol, the most bea-
rified Ophelia, that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase,
beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall heare: thus
in her excellent white bosome, these &c.*

Quee. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Maddam stay awhile, I will be faithfull,

Don't thou the flarres are fire, *Letter.*

Doubt that the Sunne doth moone,

Doubt truth to be a lyer,

But neuer doubt I loue.

O decre *Ophelia*, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to rec-
ken my groanes, but that I loue thee best, Oh most best be-
leeue it! adew. Thine euermore most deare Lady, whilst this
machine is to him.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter shown me, (*Hamlet.*
And more about hath his sollicitings

The Tragedy of Hamlet

As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All giuen to mine eare,

King. But how hath she recei'd his loue?

Pol. What doe you thinke of me?

King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.

Pol. I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hot loue on the wing?

As I percei'd it (I must tell you that)

Before my Daughter told me, what might you,

Or my deare Maiesty your Queene heere thinke,

If I had plaid the Deske, or Table booke,

Or giuen my heart a working mute and dumbe,

Or lookt vpon this loue with idle sight,

What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,

And my yong Mistresse this I did bespeake,

Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy starre,

This must not bee: and then I prescripts gaue her

That she should locke her selfe from his resort,

Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens,

Which done she tooke the fruites of my aduise,

And hee repel'd a short tale to make,

Fell into a sadnes, then into a fast,

Thence to a watch, thence into a weakenesse,

Thence to lightnes, and by this declension,

Into the madnes wherein now hee raues,

And all wee moune for.

King. Doe you thinke this?

Quee. It may bee very like.

Pol. Hath there beene such a time, I would faine know that,
That I haue positiuely said, tis so,

When it prou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;

If circumstances leade mee, I will find

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede

Within the Center.

King. How may wee try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes hee walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobby.

Prince of Denmarke.

Quee. Soe he does indeede.

Pol. At such a time; ile loose my daughter to him,

Be you and I behind an Arras then,

Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,

And bee not from his reason false thereon

Let me be no assistant for a state

But keepe a farme and carters.

King. Wee will trye it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading

Pol. Away, I doe beseech you both away. *Exit King and Quee.*

Hee bord him presently, oh giue me leaue,

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you know me my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger,

Pol. Nor I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my Lord.

Ham. I fir to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thousand,

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the sunne breed maggots in a dead dogge, being
a good kissing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't,

Pol. How say you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet he
knew me not at first, a sayd I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone,
and truely in my youth, I suffred much extremity for loue, very
neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you read my
Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord,

Ham. Betweene who.

Pol. I meane the matter that you read my Lord.

Ham. Slanders fir; for the satericall rogue saies here, that old
men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes
purging thicke Amber, & plum tree gum, & that they haue a plen-

The Tragedy of Hamlet

tifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which fir though I most powerfully and potently belieue, yet I hold it not honesty to haue it thus set downe, for your selve fir shall grow old as I am; if like a Crab you could goe backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse, yet there is methode in't, wil you walke our of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my graue.

Pol. Indeepe that's out of the ayre; how pregnant sometimes his replies are, a happines that often madnes hits on, which reason and sanctity could not so prosperously be dliuered of. I will leaue him and my daughter. My Lord, I wil take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my life.

Enter Guildenstjerne and Rosencrans.

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to seeke the Lord Hamlet, there he is.

Ros. God saue you fir.

Guy. My honor'd Lord.

Ros. My most deere Lord.

Ham. My exelent good friends, how dost thou *Guildenstjerne* & *Rosencrans*, good lads how doe you both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guy. Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap, We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe.

Ros. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her wast, or in the middle of her fau

Guy. Faith her priuates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune, oh most true, she is a strumpet What newes?

Ros. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest.

Ham. Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not true, But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elsonoure*?

Ros. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thanks, but I thank you, and sure deare friends, my thanks are too deare a halpenny: were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visitation? come, come, deale iustly with me, come, come, nay speake.

Ham. Any thing but to th purpose; you were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modestyes haue not craft enough to cullour, I know the good King and Queene haue sent for you.

Ros. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me coniure you, by the rights of our fellowshippe, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our euer preserued loue; and by what more deare a better proposer can charge you withall, bee euen and direct with mee whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you, if you loue me hold not off.

Guy. My Lord wee were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why so shall my anticipation preuent your discouery, and your secrecie to the King and Queene moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgon all custome of exercises, and indeede it goes soe heauily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seemes to mee a sterill promontorie, this most excellent Canopie the ayre, lookes you, this braue ore-hanged firmament, this maiesticall rooffe fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to mee but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God: the beauty of the world; the parragon of Animales, and yet to mee, what is this Quintessence of dust? man delights not mee nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

Ros. My Lord there was no such stoffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did yee laugh then, when I said man delights not me?

Ros. To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton entertainment the players shal receiue from you, wee coted them on the way, and hether are the coming to offer you seruice.

Ham. He that playes the King shal be welcome, his Maiesty shal haue tribute on mee, the aduenterous Knight shal vse his foyle an target, the louer shal not sing gratis, the humorous man shal end his part in peace and the Lady shal say, her mind freely: or the blank verse shal hault for't. What players are they?

Ros. Euen those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragicallians of the Citty.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. How chances it the trauaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Ros. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innouation.

Ham. Do the hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? are they so followed?

Ros. No indeede are they not.

Ham. It is not very strange, for my Vncle is King of Denmarke & those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece, for his Picture in little: s' bloud there is something in this more then naturall, if Philosophy could find it out. *A Flourish.*

Guy. There are the players

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elsonoure*, your hands, come then th' apportenance of welcome is fashion and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let my extent to the players, which I tell you must shewe fayrely outwards, should more appeare like entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my Vncle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

Guy. In what my deare Lord.

Ham. I am but mad North North west; when the wind is Southerly, I know a Hauke, from a hand-saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you *Guyldensterne*, & you to, are each eare a hearer, that great baby as you see is not yet out of his swadling clouts.

Ros. Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecy that he comes to tell me of the players; marke it, you say right sir a Monday morning t' was then indeed.

Pol. My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord I haue newes to tell you: when *Rossius* was an Actor in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz,

Pol. Vppon my honor.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Affe.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastorall, Pastorall-Comicall, Historiical-Pastorall, seeme indeuidable.

Prince of Denmarke.

indeuidable, or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot bee too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the onely men.

Ham. O *Iephtha* Iudge of Israell, what a treasure hadst thou?

Pol. What a treasure had he my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which hee loued passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Iephtha*?

Pol. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you know it came to passe, as most like it was; the first rowe of the pious chanson will shew you more, for looke where my abridgment comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is valane'd since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in *Demark*? what my young lady and Mistris, by lady your ladieshippe is nerer to heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrent gold, bee not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome, weele ento't like friendly Fauknors, flie at any thing wee see, weele haue a speech straite, come giue vs a taste of your quality, come a passionate speech.

Player. What speech my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleas'd not the million, t' was canary to the general, but it was as I receiued it & others, whose iudgments in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one sayd there were no fallers in the lines, to make the matter sauory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, & by very much, more handsome then fine: one speech in't I chiefly loued, t' was *Aeneas* talke to *Dido*, & there about of it especially when he speakes of *Priams* slaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pyrrhus* like Th'ircanian beast,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Beast, tis not it begins with *Pirrhus*, The rugged *Pirrhus*, hee
whose sable armes,

Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When hee lay couched in th'ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smeard,
With heraldy more dismal head to foote,
Now is hee totall Gules, horribly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and emballed with the parching streetes
Than lend a tirranous and a damned light
To their Lords murther, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cised with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbunkles, the hellish *Pirrhus*
Old grandfire *Priam* seekes; so proceed you.

Pol. Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and
Play. Anon he finds him (good discretion,

Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it fals,
Repugnant to command; vnequall matcht,
Pirrhus at *Priam* driues, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and wind of his fell sword,
Th'vnnerved father falls:

Seeming to feele this blow, with flaming top
Stoopest to his base; and with a hiddious crash
Takes prisoner *Pirrhus* care, for lo his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent *Priam*, seem'd ith ayre to stick,
So as a painted tirant *Pirrhus* stood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:

But as wee often see against some storme,
A silence in the heauens, the racke stand still,
The bould winds speechlesse, and the orbe belowe
As hush as death, anone the dread full thunder
Doth rend the region, so after *Pirrhus* pause,
A rowfed vengeance sets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Marses* Armor forg'd for prooffe eteine,
With lesse remorse then *Pirrhus* bleeding sword

Prince of Denmarke.

Out, out, thou strumper Fortune! all you gods,
In generall sinod take away her power,
Breake all the spokes, and folles from her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

Polo. This is too long.

Ha. It shal to the barbers with your beard; prethee say on, he's
for a lig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleepes, say on, come to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who, a woe, had seene the mobled *Queene*,

Ham. The mobled *Queene*.

Polo. That's good.

Play. Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatning the flames

With *Bison* rhume, a clout vpon that head

Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,

About her lanck and all ore-teamed loynes,

A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp.

Who this had seene, with tongue in venom steep,

Gainst fortunes state would treason haue pronounc'd;

But if the gods themselues did see her then,

When she saw *Pirrhus* make malicious sport

In mincing with his sword her husbands limmes,

The instant burst of clamor that she made,

Vnlesse things mortall moue them not at all,

Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen

And passion in the gods,

Pol. Looke where he has not turned his collour, and has teares
in's eyes prethee no more;

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest of this soone,
good my Lord will you see the players well bestowed; doe you
heare, let them be well vsed, for they are the abstract and breese
Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a
bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

Pol. My Lord, I will vse them according to their desert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vse euery man after his
desert, and who shall scape whipping, vse them after your owne
honour and dignity, the lesse they deserue the more meritt is
in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come sirs,

Ha. Follow him friends, weele here a play to morrow; dost thou

The Tragedy of Hamlet

heare me old friend, can you play the murder of Gonzago?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Weele hau't to morrow night, you could for need study a speech of some dosen lines, or sixteene lines, which I would set downe and insert in't: could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well, follow that Lord, and looke you mocke him not. My good friends, Ile leaue you till night, you are welcome to Elfonoure.

Ros. Good my Lord.

Ham. I so, God buy to you, now I am alone,

O what a rogue and pesant slaue am I!

Is it not monstrous that this player heere

But in a fixion, in a dreame of passion

Could force his soule so to his owne conceit

That from her working all the visage wand,

Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,

A broken voyce, and his whole function futing

With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,

For *Hecuba*.

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,

That he should weepe for her: what would he doe

Had he the motiue, and that for passion

That I haue? he would drowne the stage with teares,

And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech,

Make mad the guilty, and appeale the free,

Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,

The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,

A dull and muddy mettled raskall peake,

Like *Iohn-a-dreames*, vnpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing; no not for a King,

Vpon whose property and most deare life,

A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,

Who calls me villaine, breakes my pate a crosse,

Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,

Twekes me by the nose, giues me the lie i'th throate

As deepe as to the lunges: who does me this,

Habls' wounds I should take it; for it cannot be

But I am nidoion liuerd, and lacke gall

Prince of Denmarke.

To make oppression bitter, or ere this

I should haue fatted all the region kytes

With this slaues offall, bloody, baudy villaine,

Remorselesse, treacherous, lecherous, kindlesse villaine.

Why what an Ass am I? this is most braue,

That I the sonne of a deere father murdered,

Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,

Must like a whore vnpack my heart with words,

And fall a cursing like a very drabbe; a stallion, sic vppont, soh.

About my braines, hum, I haue heard,

That guilty creatures sitting at a play,

Haue by the very cunning of the scene,

Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently

They haue proclaim'd their malefactions:

For murder though it haue no tongue will speake

With most miraculous organ. Ile haue these Players

Play something like the murder of my father

Before mine Vncle, Ile obserue his lookes,

Ile tent him to the quicke, if a do blench

I know my course. The spirit that I haue scene

May be a diuell, and the diuell hath power

To assume a pleasing shape; yea and perhaps,

Out of my weaknesse and my melancholly,

As hee is very potent with such spirits,

Abuses mee to damne mee; Ile haue grounds

More relatiue then this, the play's the thing

Wherein Ile catch the conscience of the King.

Exit.

*Enter King, Quene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus, Gyl-
densterne, Lords*

King. And can you by no drift of conference

Get from him why hee puts on this confusion,

Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet

With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?

Ros. He dooes confesse he feelles himselfe distracted,

But from what cause a will by no meanes speake.

Gyl. Nor do wee find him forward to be sounded,

But with a crafty madnes keepes aloofe

When we would bring him on to some confession

G.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Of his true state.

Quee. Did he receiue you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guy. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Quee. Did you assay him to any pastime?

Ros. Maddam, it so fell out that certaine Players
We ore-raught on the way, of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kind of ioy
To heare of it: they are heere about the Court,
And as I thinke, they haue already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. Tis most true,
And he beseecht me to intreat your Maiesties
To heare and see the matter.

King. With all my heart,
And it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen giue him a futher edge
And driue his purpose into these delights.

Ros. We shall my Lord. *Exeunt Ros. & Guy.*

King. Sweet *Gertrard*, leaue vs two,
For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hether,
That he as t'were by accedent, may heere
Affront *Ophelia*; her father and my selfe,
Wee'le so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene,
We may of their encounter franckely iudge,
And gather by him as he is behau'd,
If be th' affliction of his loue or no
That thus he suffers for.

Quee. I shall obey you.
And for my part *Ophelia*, I doe wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlets* wildnes, so shall I hope your vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours.

Ophe. Maddam, I wish it may.

Pol. *Ophelia*, walke you heere: gracious so please you,

Prince of Denmarke.

We will bestow our selues; reade on this booke,
That show of such an exercise may collour
Your lowlinesse; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much proou'd, that with deuotions visage
And pious action, we doe sugar ore
The Diuell himselve.

King. O tis too true,
How smart a lash that speech doth giue my conscience
The harlots cheeke beautied with plastring art,
Is not more ougly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede to my most painted word:
O heauy burthen:

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I heare him comming, with-draw my Lord.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question,
Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer
The slings and arrowes of outrageous fortune,
Or to take Armes against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them: To die to sleepe
No more: and by a sleepe, to say we end
The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks
That flesh is heire to; tis a consumation
Deuoutly to be wisht to die to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to dreame, t' there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death what dreames may come?
When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle
Must giue vs pause, there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,
Th' oppressors wrong, the proude mans contumely,
The pangs of office, and the lawes delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurnes
That patient merri of th' vnworthy takes,
When himselve might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,
To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life?
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscouerd country, from whose borne

The Tragedy of Hamlet

No trauailer returnes, puzzles the will,
And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,
Then flie to others that wee know not of.
Thus conscience dooes make cowards,
And thus the native hiew of resolution
Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought.
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,
With this regard their currents turne awry,
And loose the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*, Nymph in thy orizons
Be all my sinnes remembred.

Ophe. Good my Lord,
How dooes your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you, well.

Ophe. My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours
That I haue longed long to re-deliver,
I pray you now receiue them.

Ham. No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

Ophe. My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made these things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these againe, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prouue vnkind,

There my Lord,

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest.

Ophe. My Lord,

Ham. Are you faire?

Ophe. What meanes your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and faire, you should admit
no discourse to your beauty.

Ophe. Could beauty my Lord haue better comerce
Then with honesty?

Ham. I truely, for the power of beauty will sooner transforme ho-
nesty from what it is to a baude, then the force of honesty can trans-
late beauty into his likeness, this was sometime a paradox, but now
the time giues it prooffe, I did loue you once.

Ophe. Indeed my Lord you made me beleue so.

Ham. You should not haue beleued me, for vertue cannot so
euacuat our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ophe. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee a Nunry: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sin-
ners? I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse mee of
such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am
very proude, reuengesfull, ambitious, with more effences at my becke,
then I haue thoughts to put them in, imaginatiō to giue them shape,
or time to act them in: what should such fellows as I do crawling be-
tweene earth and heauen: we are arrant knaues, beleue none of vs.
go thy waies to a Nunry, Wher's your father?

Ophe. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doers be shut vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house,
Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him you sweet heauens.

Ham. If thou doost marry, Ile giue thee this plage for thy dow-
rie, be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape ca-
lumay get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry,
marry a foole, for wise men know well enough what monsters you
make of them: to a Nunry goe, and quickly to, farewell.

Ophe. Heauenly powers restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath gi-
uen you one face, and you make your selves another, you gig and am-
ble, and you list you nickname Gods creaturs, and make your wan-
tonnes ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde,
I say we will haue no mo marriage, those that are married already, all
but one shal liue, the rest shal keep as they are: to a Nunry go, *Exit.*

Ophe. O what a noble mind is heere othrowne!
The courtiers, souldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword,
Th' expectation, and Rose of the faire state,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th' obseru'd of all obseruers, quite, quite downe,
And I of Ladies most deieft and wretched,
That suckt the hony of his musick't vowes;
Now see what noble and most soueraigne reason
Like sweet bells iangled out of time, and harsh,
That vnmatcht forme and stature of blowne youth
Blasted with extacy. O wo is me
Thaue seene what I haue seene, see what I see.

Exit.

Ente

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Loue: his affections doe not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes; there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus set downe: he shall with speed to England,
For the demaund of our neglected tribute,
Haply the seas, and countries different,
With variable obiects, shall expell
This something fetled matter in his hart,
Whereon his braines still beating
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.
What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall doe well.

But yet doe I beleue the origen and comencement of it
Sprung from neglected loue: how now *Ophelia*?
You neede not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the play.
Let his *Queene-mother* all alone intreate him
To show his griefe, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the eare
Of all their conference: if she find him not,
To England send him: or confine him where
Your wisdoms best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so,
Madnes in great ones must not vnmatcht goe.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you as I pronounc'd it to you, trip-
lingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do,
had as liue the towne cryer spoke my lines, nor doe not saw the aire
so much with your hand thus, but vse all gently, for in the very tor-
rent tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must
equire and beget a temperance, that may giue it smoothnesse, O it
ffends me to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellow

tere

Prince of Denmarke.

tere a passion to totters, to very rage, to spleet the eares of the ground
lings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable
dumbe shewes, and noyse: I would haue such a fellow whipt for ore-
doeing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion bee
your tutor, sute the action to the word, the word to the action, with
this speciall obseruance, that you ore-seepe not the modesty of na-
ture: For any thing so ore-doone, is from the purpose of playing,
whose end both at the first, and now, was and is, to hold as twere
the Mirrour vp to nature, to shew vertue her feature; scorne her own
Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and pressure:
Now this ouer-done, or come trady off, though it makes the vnskil-
full laugh, cannot but make the iudicious greeue, the censure of
which one, must in your allowance oreweigh a whole Theater of o-
thers. O there bee Players that I haue scene play, and heard others
praysd, and that highly, not to speake it prophanely, that neither ha-
uing th'accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor
man, haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue thought some of Na-
tures Iournemen had made men, and not made them well, they imita-
ted humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Ha. O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your clownes
speake no more then is set downe for them, for there be of them that
will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barraine spectators
to laugh to, though in the meane time, some necessary question of
the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shewes a most
pittifull ambition in the foole that vses it: goe make you ready. How
now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Gyldesterne, and Rosencrans.

Pol. And the Queene to, and that presently,

Ham. Bid the Plaiers make hast. Wil you two help to hasten them.

Ros. I my Lord *Exeunt those two.*

Ham. What how, *Horatio.*

Enter Horatio.

Hora. Heere sweete Lord, at your seruice.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art een as iust a man
As ere my conuersation copt withall.

Hora. O my deere Lord.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Nay, do not thinke I flatter,
For what aduancement may I hope from thee
That no reueneue hast but thy good spirits
To feede and cloath thee, why should the poore be flattered?
No, let the candied tongue lick obsurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fauning, dost thou heare,
Since my deere soule was mistress of her choyce,
And could of men distinguish her election
Shath seald thee for her selfe, for thou hast beene
As one in suffering all that suffers nothing,
A man that Fortunes buffers and rewards
Hast tane with equall thanks; and blest are those
Whose bloud and iudgement are so well comedled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortunes finger
To sound what stoppe shee please: giue me that man
That is not passions slaue, and I will weare him
In my hearts core, I in my heart of heart
As I do thee. Something too much of this,
There is a play to night before the King,
One scene of it comes neere the circumstance
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou seest that act a foore,
Euen with the very comment of thy soule
Obserue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt
Doe not it selfe vnkennill in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that wee haue seene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As *Vulcans* stithy; giue him heedfull note
For I mine eyes will riuert to his face,
And after wee will both our iudgements ioine
In censure of his seem'ng.
Hora. Well my Lord,
If a scale ought the whilst this play is playing
And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

*Enter trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene,
Polonius, Ophelia.*

Ham. They are coming to the play. I must be idle.

Prince of Denmarke.

Get you a place.

King. How seares our cousin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent yfaith.

Of the Camelions dish, I eate the ayre,
Promis-cram'd, you cannot feede Capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this aunswer *Hamlet*,
These words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.

You playd once i'th Vniuersity you say,

Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Caesar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,

Brutus kild me,

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so Capitall a calfe there.

Be the Players ready?

Ros. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

Ger. Come hether my deare *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No good mother heere's mettle more attractiue.

Pol. O, oh, doe you marke that.

Ham. Lady shall I lie in your lap?

Ophe. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to lye betweene maydes legs.

Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merry my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. O God! your onely ligge-maker, what should a man do but
be merry, for looke you how cheerfully my Mother looks, and my
father died within's two howres.

Ophe. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the diuell weare blacke, for Ile haue a
sute of fables; O heauens, die two months ago, and not forgotten yet,
then there's hope a great mans memory may out-liue his life halfe a
yeare, but ber Lady a must build Churches then, or else shall a suffer
not thingking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for O, for
O, the hobby-horse is forgot.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

The Trumpets sound. Dumb show follows.

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her he takes her up, and declines his head vpon her necke, he lies him downe vpon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him a sleepe, leaues him: anon comes in an other man, take s off his crowne, kisses it, pours poison in the sleepers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poysoner with some three or foure comes in againe, seeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poysoner was the Queene with gifts, she seemes harsh awhile, but in the end accepts loue.

Oph. What meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry this munching Mallico, it meanes mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow, Enter prologue.

The players cannot keepe they'le tell all.

Oph. Will a tell us what this show meant?

Ham. I or any show that you will show him, be not you asham'd to show heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the play.

Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,

Heere stooping to your clemencie,

We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue or the posie of a ring?

Oph. Tis breefe my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter Knig and Queene.

King. Full thirty times hath Phoebus Cart gone round

Neptunes salt wash, and Tellus orb'd the ground,

And thirey dosen moones with borrowed sheene

About the world haue times twelue thirties beene

Since loue our hearts, and Hymen did our hands

Vnite comutuall in most sacred bands.

Quee. So many iouraeys may the Sunne and Moone

Make vs againe count ore ere loue bee doone,

But woe is me you are so sicke of late,

So farre from cheere, and from our former state,

That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,

Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.

For women feare too much, euen as they loue,
And womens feare and loue hold quantity,
Either none, in neither ought, or in extremity,
Now what my Lord is p oofe hath made you know,
And as my loue is ciz'ft, my feare is so,
Where loue is great, the littlest boubts are feare,
Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there.

King. Faith I must leaue thee loue, and shortly to,

My operant powers their functions leaue to do,

And thou shalt liue in this fare world behind,

Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,

For husband shalt thou.

Quee. O confound the rest.

Such loue must needes be treason in my brest,

In second husband let me be accurst,

None wed the second, but who kild the first.

The instances that second marriage moue

Are base respects of thrift, but but none of loue,

A second time I kill my husband dead,

When second husband kisses me in bed.

King. I doe beleue you thinke what now you speake,

But what we doe determine, oft we breake,

Pnrpose is but the slaue to memory,

Of violent birth, but poore validity,

Which now the fruite vnripe sticks on the tree,

But fall vnshaken when they mellow bee.

Most necessary tis that we forget

To pay our selues what to our selues is debt,

What to our selues in passion we propose,

The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,

The violence of either, grieve, or ioy,

Their owne ennaatures with themselves destroy,

Where ioy most reuels, grieve doth most lament,

Greefe ioy, ioy griefes, on slender accedent,

This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,

That euen our loues should with our fortunes change,

For tis a question left vs yet to proue,

Whether loue lead fortune, or else fortune loue.

The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flies,

H 2

The

The Tragedy of Hamlet

The poore aduanced makes friends of enemies,
And hetheroo doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enimie.
But orderly to end where I begunne,
Our willes and fates doe so contrary runne,
That our deuices still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
Sport and repose lock from mee day and night,
To desperation turne my trust and hope,

And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
Each opposite that blanckes the face of ioy,
Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,
Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If once I bee a widdow, euer I be a wife.

King. Tis deeply sworne, sweet leaue mee heare a while,
My spirits grow dull and faine I would beguyle
The tedious day with sleepe,

Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine,
And neuer come mischance betwixt vs twane.

Ham. Maddam, how like you this play?

Quee. The Lady doth protest too much me thinks.

Ham. O but shee'le keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no offence i th world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mousetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the Image
of a murther done in Vienna, Gonzago is the Dukes name, his wife
Baptista, you shall see ahone, tis a knauish peece of worke, but what
of that? your maiesty and we shall haue free soules, it touches vs not,
et the gauled Iade winch, our withers are vnwrung. This is one Lu-
cianus, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betwene you and your loue

Prince of Denmarke.

If I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leaue
thy damnable faces and beging, come, the croking Rauens doth bel-
low for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit and time agreeing,
Considerat season els no creature seeing,
Thou mixture rancke, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecats ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
On wholesome life vsurps immediately.

Ham. A poysons him i th Garden for his estate, his names Gonzago,
the story is extant and written in very choice Italian, you shall see
anon how the murtherer gets the loue of Gonzagoes wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue ore the play.

King. Giue me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt, all but Ham. and Horatio.*

Ham. Why let the stroken deere goe weepe,

The Hart vngauled play,

For some must watch whilst some must sleepe,

Thus runnes the world away. Would not this fir and a forrest of sea-
thers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turke with me, with prouinci-
all Roses, on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a cty of players?

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.

For thou dost know oh Damon-deere

This Realme dimantled was

Of Ioue himselfe, and now raignes heere

A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rim'd.

Ham. O good Horatio, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand
pound. Didst perceauce?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Vppon the talke of the poysoning.

Hora. I did very well note him.

H 3

Ham

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Ah ha, come some musique, com the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comedy,
Why then belike he it not perdy.
Come, some musique,

Enter Rosencrans, Gyldesterne,

Gyl. Good my Lord, voutsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir a whole history.

Gyl. The King sir,

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Gyl. Is in his retirement meruailous distempred.

Ham. With drinke sir?

Gyl. No my lord, with choller,

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it selfe more richer to signifie
his to the Doctor, for, for me to put him to his purgation, would per-
haps plunge him into more choller.

Gyl. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
And stare not so wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

Gyl. The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spirit,
hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Gyl. Nay good my Lotd, this curtesie is not of the right breed, if
it shall please you to make me a wholsome aunswer, I will doe your
mothers commaundement, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall
be the end of busines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Ros. What my Lord.

Ham. Make you a wholsome answer, my wits diseasd, but sir, such
answere as I can make, you shall commaund, or rather as you say, my
mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

Ros. Then thus she saies, your behaiour hath strooke her into a-
mazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderfull sonne that can so stonish a mother! but is
there no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration? inpart.

Ros. She desires to speake with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you any
urther trade with vs?

Ros. my Lord you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

Ros.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ros. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper, you do sure-
ly barre the doore vpon your owne liberty, if you deny your griefes
to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke aduancement.

Ros. How can that be when you haue the voyce of the King him-
selfe for your succession in Denmarke.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I sir, but while the grasse growes, the prouerbe is something
multy, oh the Recorders, let me see one, to withdraw with you, why
do you goe about to recouer the wind of me, as if you would driue
me into a toyle?

Gyl. O my lord if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.

Ham. I do not well vnderstand that, will you play vpon this pipe?

Gyl. My Lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Gyl. Beleeue me I cannot.

Ham. Ibeseech you.

Gyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying; gouerne these ventages with your fin-
gers, and the vंबर giue it breath with your mouth, and it will dis-
course most eloquent musique, looke you, these are the stoppes.

Gyl. But these cannot I commaund to any vtrance of harmonie
I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now how vnworthy a thing you make o-
me, you would play vpon me, you would seeme to know my stops
you would plucke out the hart of my misterie, you would sound me
from my lowest note to my compasse, and there is much musique ex-
cellēt voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak, s bloo-
do you thinke I am easier to be plaid on then a pipe, call me what in-
strument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me.
God blesse you sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord the Queene wou'd speake with you, & presentl

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a Camel

Pol. By'th masse and tislike a Camell indeede,

Ham. Me thinks it is like a Wezell,

Pol. It is black like a Wezell,

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Th

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Then I will come to my mother by and by,
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by and by,
Leaue me friends.

will say so. By and by is easily said,
Is now the very witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,
And doe such businesse as the bitter day
Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,
O hart loose not thy nature! let not euer,
The soule of *Nor* enter this firme bosome!
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
Will speake dagger to her, but vse none,
My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words someuer she be shent,
To giue them seales neuer my soule consent.

Exit.

Enter King, Rosencrans, and Gyldestenue.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs
To let his madnesse range, therefore prepare you,
Your commission will forth-with dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you,
The termes of our estate may not endure
Hazard so neer's as doth hourly grow,
Out of his browes.

Gyl. We will our selues prouide,
Lost holy and religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That liue and feed vpon your Maiesty.

Ros. The single and peculier life is bound,
Withall the strength and armour of the mind
To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more
That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and rests
The liues of many, the cesse of Maiesty
Is not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw
That's neere it, with it, or it is a massie wheele
Set on the somnet of the highest mount,
Whose hugh spokes, tenn thousand lesser things
Are mortecist and adioynd, which when it falls,

Each

Prince of Denmarke.

Each small annexment, pety consequence
Attends the boystrous raine, neuer alone
Did the King sigh, but a generall growne.

King. Arme you I pray you to this speedy voi age,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. We will hast vs.

Exeunt Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his mothers closet,
Behind the Arras I'll conuay my selfe
To here the proffesse, I'll warrant shee'll tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it sayd,
Tis meete that some more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them partiall, should ore-heare
The speech of vantage; fare you well my Leige,
I'll call vpon you ere you goe to bed.

And tell you what I know.

Exit.

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
O my offence is rancke, it smels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldest curse vppont,
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my stronge entent,
And like a man to double busines bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first beginne,
And both neglect: what if this curfed hand
Were thicker then it selfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the sweete Heauens
To wash it white as snow? whereto serues mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in praier but this two-fold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe, then I le looke vp.
My faults is past, but oh! what forme of prayer
Can serue my turne? forgiue me my foule murther;
That cannot be since I am still posselt
Of those affects for which I did the murther;
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;

I

May

The Tragedy of Hamlet

May one be pardoned and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guided hand may show by iustice,
And oft tis scene the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes out the law, but tis not so above,
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our selues compel d
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To giue in euidence: what then, what rests?
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state, O bosome blacke as death,
O limed soule, that struggling to be free,
Art more ingaged! helpe Angles make assay,
Bow stubborn knees and hart with strings of Steele,
Be soft as sinnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ile doo't, and so a goes to heauen,
And so am I reuendge, that would be scand
A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his sole sonne, doe this same villaine send
To heauen.
Why, this is base and filly, ----- not reuendge,
A tooke my father grosely, full of bread,
Withall his crimes broad blowne as flush as May,
And how his audit stands who knowes saue heauen,
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
Tis heavy with him: and am I then reuendged
To take him in the purging of his soule,
When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?
No,
Vp sword, and know thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th'incestious pleasure of his bed,
At game, a swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of saluation in't.

Then

King of Denmark.

Then trip him that his heele mas kick at heauen,
And that his soule may be as damnd and blacke
As hell whereto it goes; my mother staies,
This phisicke but prolongs thy sickly daies.
King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine below
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe.

Exit.

Exit.

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Polo. A will come strait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks haue beene too broad to beare with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood betweene
Much heate and him, Ile silence me euen heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile waite you, feare me not,
With-draw, I heare him comming.
Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?
Ger. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother you haue my father much offended.
Ger. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue,
Ham. Goe goe, you question with a wicked tongue.
Ger. Why how now Hamlet?
Ham. What's the matter now?
Ger. Haue you forgot me?
Ham. No by the rood not so,
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not so, you are my mother.
Ger. Nay then Ile set those to you that can speake.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge,
You goe not till I set you vp a glasse
Where you may see the most part of you.
Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murder me:
Helpe hoe,
Polo. What hoe helpe.
Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duck, dead.
Pol. O I am flaine.
Ger. O me, what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

I 2

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ger. O what a rash and bloody deede is this.

Ham. A bloody deede, almost as bad good mother
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Ger. As kill a King.

Ham. I Lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou findst to bee too busie is some danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace fit you downe,

And let me wring your heart, for so I shall

If it be made of penetrable stuffe,

If damned custome haue nor bras'd it so,

That it be prooffe and bulwark against sence.

Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue
In noyse so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act

That blurres the grace and blush of modesty,

Calls vertue hypocrit, takes of the Rose

From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,

And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes

As false as dicers oathes, Oh such a deed!

As from the body of contraction pluckes

The very soule; and sweet religion makes

A rapsody of words; heauens face dooes glow

Ore this solidiry and compound masse

With heated visage, as against the doome

Is thought-sick at the act.

Quee. Ay me what act?

Ham. That roares follow'de and thunders in the Index,

Looke here vpon this Picture, and on this,

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,

See what a grace was seated on his browe,

Hiperions curles, the front of loue him-selfe,

An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command,

A station like the herald *Mercury*,

New lighted on a heaue, a kissing hill,

A combination and so rme indeede,

Where euery God didseeme to set his seale

To giue the world assurance of a man;

ETIMME OF DENMARK

This was your husband, looke you now what followes,

Heere is your husband like a mildew'd eare,

Blasting his wholesome brother: haue you eyes?

Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,

And barton on this Moore; ha, haue you eyes?

You cannot call it loue, for at your age

The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,

And waites vpon the iudgement, and what iudgement

Would step from this to this? sence sure you haue

El's could you not haue motion, but sure that sence

Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre

Nor sence to extacie was neere so thral'd

But it referu'd some quantity of choyce

To serue in such a difference. What diuell wast

That thus hath cosond you at hodman-blind?

Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,

Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling sence all,

Or but a sickly part of one true sence

Could not so mope. Oh shame! where is thy blush?

Rebellious hell,

If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,

To flaming youth, let vertue be as wax

And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame

When the compulsiue ardure giues the charge,

Since frost it selfe as actiuelly doth burne,

And reason pardons will.

Ger. O *Hamlet* speake no more,

Thou turn'st my very eyes into my soule,

And there I see such black and greued spots

As will leaue there their tin'ct.

Ham. Nay but to liue

In the rancke sweat of an incestuous bed

Stewed in corruption, honying and making loue

Ouer the nasty stie.

Ger. O speake to mee no more,

These words like daggers enter in my eares,

No more sweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murderer and a villaine,

A slaue that is not twentieth part the kyth

The Tragedie of Hamlet
Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A cur-purse of the Empire and the rule,
That from a shelve the precious Diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches,
Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
You heavenly gards: what would your gracious figure?

Ger. Alasse hee's mad.

Ham. Doe youe not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That lap't in time and passion lets goe by
Th' important act'ing of your dread command. O say!

Ghost. Doe not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,
But looke, amazement on thy mother sits,
O step betwene her, and her sighing soule!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,
Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Ger. Alasse how i't with you?

What you doe bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporall ayre doe hold discourse,
Forth at your eyes your spirrits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping souldiers in th' alarme,
Your beaded haire like life in excrements
Starts vp and stands an end: O gentle sonne!
Upon the heate and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience, whereon doe you looke?

Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conioyned, preaching to stones
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
Least with this pittious action you conuert
My stearne effects, then what I haue to doe
Will want true colour, teares perchance for blood.

Ger. To whome doe you speake this?

Ham. Doe you see nothing there?

Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is there I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Ger. No nothing but our selues.

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,
My father in his habit as he liue'd,
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall. *Exit Ghost.*

Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodilesse creation, extacy is very cunning in

Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull musicke, it is not madnesse
That I haue vttered, bring me to the test,
And the matter will reword, which madnesse
Would gambole from. Mether for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnction to your soule
That not your trespassse but my madnesse speakes,
It will but skin and filme the vlcerous place,
Whiles rancke corruption mining all within
Infects vnseene: confesse your selfe to heauen,
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,
And doe not spread the compost on the weedes
To make them rancker, forgiue me this my vertue,
For in the fatnesse of these pursie times
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon beg,
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.

Ger. O *Hamlet*! thou hast cleft my hart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,
Assume a vertue if you haue it not,
That monster custome, who all sence doth eate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the vse of actions faire and good,
He likewise giues a frocke or Liuary
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that shall lend a kind of easines
To the next abstinence, the next more easie:
For vse almost can change the stamp of nature,
And Maister the diuell, or throw him out
With wonderous potency: once more good night,
And when you are desirous to be blest,
Ile blessing beg of you, for this same Lord
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleas'd it so

To

The Tragedie of Hamlet

To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister,
I will bestow him and will answer well
The death I gaue him; so againe good night
I must be cruell onely to be kinde,
This bad beginnes, and worse remaines behind.
One word more good Lady

Ger. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King temp't you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his Mousse,
And let him for a paire of reechy kisses,
Or padding in your necke with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to rouel all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft, t'were good you let him know.
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib,
Such deare concernings hide, who would doe so,
No, in dispiht of fence and secrecy,
Vnpeg the basket on the houses top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou hast sayd to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that,

Ger. Alacke I had forgot.

Tis so concluded on.

Ham. Ther's letters seald, and my two Schoolefellowes,
Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,
They beare the mandat, they must sweepe my way
And marshall me to knauery: let it worke,
For tis the sport to haue the enginer
Hoist with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
And blow them at the Moone: O tis most sweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete,

This

Prince of Denmarke.

This man shall set me packing,
He lugges the guts into the neighbour roome;
Mother good night indeed, this Counsayler
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
Who was in life a most foolish prating knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. *Exit.*

*Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencrans
and Gyldensterne.*

King. There's matter in these sighes, these profound heaues,
You must translate, tis fit we vnderstand them,
Where is your sonne?

Gert. Bestow this place on vs a little while.

Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I seene to night?

King. What *Gertrud*, how dooes *Hamlet*?

Gert. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier in his lawlesse fit,
Behind the Arras hearing some thing stirre,
Whips out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The vnseene good old man.

King. O heauy deed!

It had beene so with vs had we beene there,
His liberty is full of threates to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answer'd?
It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, restraind, and out of haunt
This mad young man; but so much was our loue,
We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foule disease
To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Gert. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madnesse like some ore
Among a minerall of mettals base,
Shows it selfe pure, a weepes for what is done.

King. *Gertrud*, com away.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

The Sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch,
But wee will shippe him hence, and this vile deede
Wee must with all our Maiesty and skill *Enter Ros. & Gylde.*
Both countenance and excuse. Ho *Guyldensterne*,
Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde,
Hamlet in madnes hath *Polonius* slaine,
And from his mothers cloffet hath hee drag'd him,
Goe seeke him out speake sayre and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you hast in this,
Come *Gertrard*, wee'le call vp our wisest friends,
And let them know both what wee meane to do
And whats vntimely done,
Whose whisper ore the worlds Diameter
As leuell as the Cannon to his blanke,
Transports his poysoned shot, may misse our name,
And hit the woundlesse ayre, O come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus and others.

Ham. Safely stowd, but softly, what noyse, who calls on *Hamlet*?
O heere they come.

Ros. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust whereto it is kin.

Ros. Tell vs where tis that wee may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleuee it.

Ros. Beleuee what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counsaile and not mine owne, besides
to be demaunded of a sponge, what replication should be made by
the sonne of a King.

Ros. Take you me for a sponge my Lord?

Ham. I fir, that sokes vp the Kings countenance, his rewards, his
authorities, but such Officers do the King best seruice in the end, he
keepesthem like an apple in the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be
aft swallowed, when he needs what you haue gleand, it is but squee-
ing you, and sponge you shall be dry againe.

Ros. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleepes in a foolish eare.

Ros. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and go with vs
to the King.

Scene of Denmark.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the
body. The King is a thing.

Gyl. A thing my Lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him.

Exeunt.

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the body,
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose,
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him,
Hee's lou'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes,
And where tis so, th'offenders scourge is wayed
But neuer the offence: to beare all smooth and euen,
This suddaine sending him away must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,
By desperate applyance are relieu'd
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencraus and all the rest.

King. How now, what hath befallne?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestowd my Lord
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Ros. Hoe, bring in the Lord.

They Enter.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper where.

Ham. Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certaine conua-
cation of politique wormes are een at him: your worme is your only
Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures else to fat vs, and we fat our
selues for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but varia-
ble seruice, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alasse, alasse.

Ham. A man may fish with the worme that hath eate of a King,
eate of the fish that hath fedde of that worme.

King. What dost thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a progresse
through

K 2

through the guttes of a begger,

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heauen, send thether to see, if your messenger find him not there, seeke him i th other place your selfe, but if indeed you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you goe vppe the stayres into the Lobby.

King. Goe seeke him there

Ham. A will stay till you come.

King. Hamlet this deede for thine especial safery Which wee do tender, as wee deerely greene For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence: Therefore prepare thy selfe, The barke is ready, and the wind at helpe, Th'assortia tend, and euery thing is bent For England.

Ham. For England

King. I Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that fees them, but come for England, Farewell deere mother.

King. Thy louing father Hamlet.

Ham. My mother, father and mother is man and wife, Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother:

Come for England, Exit

King. Follow him at foote,

Tempt him with speede aboard,

Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.

Away, for euery thing is seald and done

That els leanes on the affaire, pray you make hast,

And England if my loue thou hold'st at ought,

As my great power thereof may giue thee sence,

Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red,

After the Danish sword, and thy freee awe

Payes homage to vs, thou maist not coldly set

Our soueraigne processe, which imports at full

By letters congruing to that effect

The present death of Hamlet, do it England,

For like the Hectique in my blood hee rages,

And

And thou must cure me till I know tis done,
How ere my haps, my ioyes will nere beginne. Exit.

Enter Fortinbrasse with his Armie over the Stage.

Fortin. Goe Captaine, from mee greet the Danish King,
Tell him, that by his lycence Fortinbrasse
Craues the conueyance of a promis'd march
Ouer his kingdome, you know the rendezuous,
If that his maiesty would ought with vs,
Wee shall expresse our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't my Lord.

Fortin. Goe softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, &c.

Ham. Good sir whose powers are these?

Cap. The are of Norway sir.

Ham. How proposd sir I pray you?

Cap. Aainst some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them sir?

Cap. The Nephew to old Norway, Fortinbrasse.

Ham. Goes it against the maine of Poland sir?

Or for some frontire?

Cap. Truly to speake, and with no addition,

We goe to gaine a little patch of ground

That hath in it no profit but the name

To pay five duckers, fine I would not farne it?

Nor will it yeeld to Norway or the Pole

A rancker rate, should it bee sould in fee.

Ham. Why then the Pollacke neuer will defend it.

Cap. Yes it is already garisoned.

Ham. Two thousand soules and twenty thousand duckers

Will not debate the question of this straw,

This is th'impostume of much wealth and peace,

That inward breakes and shewes no cause without

Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir.

Cap. God buy you sir.

Ros. Will t please you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you straight, goe a lirtle before.

How all occasions do informe against mee,

K 3

And

And spur my dull reuenge. What is a man
 If his chiefe good and market of his time
 Be but to sleepe and feed, a beast, no more:
 Sure he that made vs with such large discourse
 Looking before and after, gaue vs not
 That capability and God-like reason
 To fust in vs vnusd, now whether it be
 Bestiall obliuion, or some crauen scruple
 Of thinking too precisely on th'euent,
 A thought which quartered harh but one part wisdom,
 And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
 Why yet I liue to say this thing's to doe,
 With I haue cause, and wil and strength, and meanes
 To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,
 Witnes this Army of such masse and charge,
 Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
 Whose spirit with diuine ambition pufte,
 Makes mouthes at the inuisible euent,
 Exposing what is mortall, and vn Timer,
 To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
 Euen for an Egge-shell, Rightly to be great;
 Is not to stirre without great argument,
 But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I then
 That haue a father kild, a mother staine,
 Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
 And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That for a fantasie and tricke of fame
 Go to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tombe enough and continent
 To hide the flaine. O from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

Exit.

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speake with her,

Gsm. She is importunat,

deed distract, her moode will needes be pittied.

Quee.

Prince of Denmarke.

Quee. What would she haue?

Gent. She speakes much of her father, sayes shee heares
 There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart,
 Spurnes eniuously at strawes, speakes things in doubt
 That carry but halfe sence, her speech is nothing,
 Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
 The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
 And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
 Which as winckes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
 Indeepe would make one thinke there might be thought
 Though nothing sure, yet much vn Timer.

Hor. Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
 Dangerous coniectures in ill-breeding mindes,
 Let her come in

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. To my sicke soule, as sinnes true nature is,
 Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,
 So full of artlesse ielousie is guilt,
 It spills it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Maiesty of Denmarke?

Quee. How now *Ophelia.*

She sings.

Oph. How should I your true loue know from another one,
 By his cockle hat and staffe, and his Sendall shoone.

Quee. Alasse sweet Lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,
 He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
 At his head a grasse greene turph, at his heeles a stone.

Song.

O ho,

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia.*

Oph. Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountaine snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alasse looke heere my Lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers,
 Which beweept to the ground did not go
 With true loue showers.

Song.

King. How doe you pretty Lady?

Oph. Well good did you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daugh-
 ter, Lord wee know what wee are, but know not what we may be,
 God be at your table

The Tragedy of Hamlet

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Oph. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this.

To morrow is S. Valentines day,

All in the morning betime,

And I a mayd at your window

To be your Valentine.

Then vp he rose, and doud his close, and dupt the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

Oph. Indeed without an oath Ile make an end on't,

By gis and by Saint charity,

alacke and fie for shame,

Young men will doo't if they come too't,

by Cocke they are too blame,

Qioth she, before you tumbled me, you promised me to wed,

(He answers) So should I a done by yonder sunne

And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she beene thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot chuse
but weepe to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground my brother
shall know of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsaile,
Come my Coach, God night Ladies, God night,
Sweet Laides: God night, God night.

King. Follow her close, giue her good watch I pray you.
O this is the poyson of deepe griefe, it springs all from her Fathers
death, and now behold, O *Gertrard*, *Gertrard*,
When sorrowes come, they come not single spies,
But in battalians: first her Father slaine,
Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent Author
Of his owne iust remoue, the people muddied
Thick and vnwholesome in thoughts, and whispers
For good *Polonius* death: and we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to inter him: poore *Ophelia*
Deuided from herselfe, and her faire iudgement,
Without the which we are pictures, or meere beasts,
Last, and as much contayning as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on this wonder keepe himselfe in cloudes

Song.

And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
Wherein necessity of matter beggerd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraigne
In eare and eare: O my deare *Gertrard*, this
Like to a murthering-peece in many places
Giues me superfluous death.

A noyse within.

Enter a messenger.

King. Attend, where are my Swissers, let them guard the doore,
What is the matter?

Messen. Saue your selfe my Lord.

The Ocean ouer-peering of his list.

Eates not the flats with more impetuous hast

Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head

Ore-bears your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,

And as the world were now but to beginne,

Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,

The ratifiers and props of euery word,

The cry choole we, *Laertes* shall be King,

Caps, hands and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,

Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Que. How cheerefully on the false traile they cry. *A noyse within.*
O this is counter, you false Danish dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? firs stand you all without.

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue mee leaue.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you: keepe the doore, O thou vile King,
Giue me my father.

Que. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood thats calme proclaimes me Bastard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaste vnsmetched browe
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause *Laertes*
That thy rebellion looks so Giant-like?

L.

Let

Let him goe Gertrard, do not feare our person,
There's such diuinity doth hedge a King,
That treason cannot peepe to what it wou'd,
Ad's little of his will, tell me Laertes
Why thou art thus incenst, let him goe Gertrard,
Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Quee. But not by him.

King. Let him demanda his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be iugled with,
To hell alegiance, vowes to the blackest diuell,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this poynt I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely Ile be reuengd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes Ile husband them so well,
The shall goe farre with little.

King. Good Laertes, if you desire to know the certainty
Of your deere father, i't writ in your reuenge,
That soope-stake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looser.

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide Ile ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendering Pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good child and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death,
And am most sencible in griefe for it,
I shall as leuell to your iudgement pearce
As day dooes to your eye.

A noyse within.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
Now now what noyse is that?

O heate, dry vp my braines, tear es seauen times salt
Burne out the sence and vertue of mine eye.
By heauen thy madnes shall be payd with weight
Till our scale turne the beame. O Rose of May,
Deere mayd, kind sister, sweet Ophelia,
O heauens, ist possible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life!

Ophe. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beere,
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.

Song.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst perswade reuenge
It could not mooue thus.

Ophe. You must sing a downe a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the false Steward that stole his Maisters daughter,

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

Ophe. There's Rosemary, that for remembrance, pray you loue re-
member, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophe. There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rewe for
you, & heere's some for me, we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondaies,
you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there's a Dasie, I would
giue you some Violets, but they witherd all when my Father dyed,
they say a made a good end.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

Lear. Thought and afflictions, passion, hell it selfe
She turnes to fauour and to prettinesse.

Ophe. And will a not come againe, Song.

And will a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.
His beard was as white as snow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
God a mercy on his soule, and all Christians soules,
God buy you.

Lear. Doe you this O God.

King. Laertes, I must commune with your griefe,
Or you dency me right, goe but a part,

L.

Make

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Make choice of whome your wisest friends you will,
And they shall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
If by direct or by colaturall hand
They find vs toucht, we will our kindome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.

His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,
No trophæ, sword, nor hachment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall,
And where th'Offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me.

Exeunt.

Enter Horatio and others.

Hor. What are they that would speake with me?

Gen. Sea-faring men sir, they say they haue Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.

I doe not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted. If not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Saylers

Say. God blesse you sir.

Hor. Let him blesse thee to.

Say. A shall sir and please him, there's a Letter for you sir, it came
from th'Embassador that was bound for England, if your name bee
Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. *Horatio*, when thou shalt haue ouer-look't this, giue these fel-
lowes some meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere wee
were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue
vs chase, finding our selues too slow of saile, we put on a compelled
valour, and in the grapple I boarded them, on the instant they got
cleere of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner, they haue dealt
with me like the eues of mercy, but they knew what they did: I am to
doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and
repayre thou to mee with as much speed as thou wouldst fly death.
I haue words to speake in thine eare wil make thee dumbe, yet are

Prince of Denmarke.

they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellowes
will bring thee where I am, *Rosencrans* and *Guildersterne* hold their
course for England, of them I haue much to tell thee, farwell.

So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

Hor. Come I will make you way for these your letters,
And doo't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whome you brought them.

Exeunt.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance scale,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father slaine
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell me
Why you proceede not against these scates
So criminall and so capitall in nature,
As by your safety, greatnes, wisdom, all things els,
You mainly were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reasons
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnfinnow'd,
But yet to me thar strong, the Queene his mother
Liues almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it either which,
She is so concliue to my life and soule,
That as the starre mooues not but in his sphere
I could not but by her, the other moriue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Worke like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Conuert his Giues to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slightly tymbered for so loued armes,
Would haue reuerted to my bow againe,
But not where I haue aym'd them.

Laer. And so haue I a noble father lost;
A sister driuen into desperat termes,
Whose worth, if prayles may goe backe againe

L 3

Stood

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleepes for that, you must not thinke
That we are made of stufte so flat and dull,
That we can let our berd be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime, you shortly shall heare more,
I lou'd your father, and we loue our selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Messe. These to your Maiesy, this to the Queene.

King. From *Hamlet*, who brought them?

Messe. Saylers my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were giuen me by *Clandio*, he receiued them
Of him that brought them.

King. *Laertes* you shall heare them: leaue vs.
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdome,
to morrow shall I begge leaue to see your kingly eyes, when I shall,
first asking you pardon, there-vnto recount the occasion of my sud-
daine returne.

King. What should this meane, are all the rest come backe,
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. Tis *Hamlets* character. Naked,
And in a postscript here he saies alone,
Can you deuise me?

Laer. I am lost in it my Lord, but let him come,
It warms the very sicknes in my heart
That I liue and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didst thou.

King. If it be so *Laertes*,
As how should it be so, how otherwise,
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. I my Lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned,
As liking not his voyage, and that he meanes,
No more to vnder take it, I will worke him
To an exployt, now ripe in my deuise,
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall:

And

Prince of Denmarke.

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But euen his mother shall vncharge the practise,
And call it accedent.

Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deuise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right,
You haue beene talkt of since your trauaile much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing for a quality
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such enuy from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthiest sledge.

Laer. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull too, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and carelesse livery that it weares
Then settled age, his sables, and his weedes
Importing health and grauenes; two monthes since
Heere was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
I haue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,
And they can well on horse-backe, but this Gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his seate,
And to such wondrous dooing brought his horse,
As had he beene incorp't, and demy-natur'd
With the braue beast, so farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman wast?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Vpon my life *Lamord*.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him; well he is the brooch indeed
And Iem of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gaue you such a maisterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especiall,
That he cryd out t'would be a sight indeed

The Tragedy of Hamlet

If one could match you; the Scrimers of their nation
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them; fir this report of his
Did *Hamlet* so enuenum with his enuy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sodaine comming ore to play with you.
Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this my Lord?

King. *Laertes* was your father, deere to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrowe,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,
But that I know, loue is beguonne by time,
And that I see in passages of prooffe,
Time quallifies the sparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of loue
A kind of weeke or snuffe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnes still,
For goodnes growing to a plurisie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We should doe when wee would: for this would changes,
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
And then this should is like a spend-thrifts sigh,
That hurrs by easing; but to the quicke of th' vicer,
Hamlet comes back what would you vndertake
To show your selfe indeed your fathers sonne
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th Church-

King. No place indeede should murther sanctuarize,
Reuengde should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe close within your chamber
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home,
Weele put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the same
The french man gaue you: bring you in in fine together
And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,

Printe of Denmarke.

Will not peruse the foyles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword vnated, and in a pace of practise,
Requite him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,
And for the purpose, Ile annoynt my sword.
I bought an vnction of a Mountibancke
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no Cataplasme so rare
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death
That is but scratcht withall, Ile tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly, it may be death.

King. Lets further thinke of this.
Wey what conueiance both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape if this should fayle,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not assayd. Therefore this proiect,
Should haue a backe or second that might hold
If this did blast in prooffe; soft let me see,
Wee'le make a solemne wager on your cunnings,
I hau't, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue preferd him
A Challice for the once, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stucke,
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noyfe?

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they follow; your Sisters drownd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd, O where?

Quee. There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brooke,
That shoves his hoary leaues in the glassy streame,
There with fantastique garlands did she make
Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples
That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name,
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her coronet weeds

M

Clambrin

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Clambring to hang, an euious fluer broke,
When downe her weedy trophars and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,
And Mermaide-like a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature natiue and indew'd
Vnto that element, but long it could not be,
Till that her garments heavy with their drinke,
Puld the poore wench from her melodious lay,
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then is she drown'd.

Quee. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her custome holds;
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,
I haue a speecha fire that fainewould blase,
But that this folly drownes it. *Exit.*

King. Let's follow *Gertrard*,
How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it start againe.
Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clowne. Is she to be buried in Christian buriall, when she wilfully
seekes her owne saluation?

Oth. I tell thee she is, therefore make her graue straight, the crow-
ner hath fate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clow. How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd herselfe in her owne
defence.

Oth. Why tis found so.

Clow. It must be so offended, it cannot be else, for heere lyes the
poynt, if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath
three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; she drown'd her
selfe wittingly.

Oth. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clow. Giue me leaue, here lies the water, good, here stands the
man.

Prince of Denmarke.

man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himselfe, it is will
he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, and
drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of
his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Oth. But is this law?

Clow. I marry i't, Crowners quest law.

Oth. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not beene a gentlewo-
man, she should haue bin buried out a Christian buriall.

Clow. Why there thou sayst, and the more pittie that great folke
should haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselues,
more then their euen Christen: Come my spade, there is no aunci-
ent gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Graue-makers, they hold
vp Adams profession.

Oth. Was he a gentleman?

Clow. A was the first that euer bore armes.

Ile put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the pur-
pose, confesse thy selfe.

Oth. Goe to.

Clow. what is he that builds stronger then either the Mason, the
Shipwright, or the Carpenter.

Oth. the gallows-maker, for that out-lives a thousand tennants.

Clow. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallows dooes well,
but how dooes it well? It dooes well to those that do ill, now thou
doo'st ill to say the gallows is built stronger then the Church, argal,
the gallows may doe well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Oth. Who buildes stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a
Carpenter.

Clow. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Oth. Too't.

Clow. Masse I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull asse will
not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question
next, say a graue-maker, the houses he makes last tell Doome day.

Goe get thee in, and fetch me a soope of liquer.

In youth when I did loue did loue,

Song.

Me thought it was very sweet

To contract O the time for a my behoue,

O me thought there a was nothing a meer.

M 2

Enter

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Enter Hamlet and Horatio

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his busines? a fings in graue-making.

Horat. Custome hath made it in him a property of easines.

Ham. Tis een so, the hand of little imploiment hath the daintier sence

Clo. But age with his stealing steppes
hath clawed mee in his clutch,

And hath shipped me into the land,
as if I had neuer bene such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if twere *Caines* iaw-bone, that did the first murder: this might be *ypate* of a polliticiā, which this Asse now ore-reaches. one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Horat. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow my Lord: how dost thou sweet Lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that praised my lord such a ones horse whe a ment to beg it: might it not?

Horat. I my Lord.

Ham. Why een so, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt about the mazer with a Sextens spade; heer's fine reuolution and we had the trick to see't, did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke ont.

Clo. A pickaxe and a spade a spade,
for and a shrowding sheet,

O a pit of Clay for to be made
for such a guest is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? where be his quiddities now, his quillities, his cases, his tenurs, & his trickes? why dooes he suffer this mad knaue now to knock him about the sence with a durty shouell, and will not tell him of his adition of battery: hum, this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt: will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases & doubles then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conueyances of his Lands will scarcely lye in this box, and must th' inheritor himselfe haue no more? ha.

Horat. Not a lot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheepe-skinnes?

Prince of Denmarke.

Horat. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues which seeke out assurance in that, I will speake to this fellow. Whose graue's this firra?

Clo. Mine fir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeede for thou lyeest in't.

Clo. You lye out ont fir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I doe not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't to be in't and say it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeest.

Clo. Tis a quicke lye fir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man fir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman fir, but rest her soule shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeares I hauetooke note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the toe of the pesant comes so neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long hast thou bene a Graue-maker?

Clo. Of the dayes i'th yeare I came too't that day that our last King Hamlet ouercame *Fortinbrasse*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that, it was the very day that young Hamlet was borne: he that is mad and sent into England.

Ham. I marry why was he sent into England?

Clo. Why because a was mad: a shall recouer his wits there, or i a doe not, tis no great matter there,

Ham. Why?

Clo. Twill not be scene in him there, there the are men as ma (as hee

Ham. How came he mad?

Clo. Very strangely they say,

Ham. How strangely?

Clo. Faith eene with loosing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clo. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue bene Sexton heere ma and boy thirty yeares.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Faith if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many pock-corfes, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last you some eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will last you nine yeare,

Ham. Why he more then another?

Clow. Why sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that a will keepe at water a great while; & your water is a fore decaye of your whorled dead body. heer's a skull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeares.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clow. A whorson mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, a pould a flagon of enish on my head once; this same skull sir, was sir *Yoricks* skull, the ings lesser.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ham. Alas poore *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite ft, of most excelent fancy, hee hath bore me on his backe a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge ses at it. Here hung those lypes that I haue kist I know not how ft: where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your songs, your flames of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one ow to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour she must come, make her laugh at that.

rethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dooft thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th earth?

Hora. Een so.

Ham. And smelt so: pah.

Hora. Een so my Lord.

Ham. To what base vses we may retorne *Horatio*? Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, till a find it stopping in a dunghole?

Hora. Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modesty enough, and likelihood to leade it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth wee ke Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might they

Prince of Denmarke.

They not stoppe a Beare-barrell?

Imperious *Cesar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,

Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.

O that that earth which kept the world in awe,

Shoulp patch a wall to expell the waters flaw.

But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,

The Queene, the courtiers, who is this they follow?

And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,

The corse they follow, did with desprat hand

Foredoe it owne life, twas of some estate,

Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, make.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Doct. Her obsequies haue beene as farre inlarg'd

As we haue warranty, her death was doubtfull,

And but that great commande swayes the order,

She should in ground vnsanctified beene lodg'd

Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,

Flints and peebles should be throwne on her:

Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin Crants,

Her mayden strewments, and the bringing home

Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be doone?

Doct. No more be doone.

We should prophane the seruice of the dead,

To sing a Requiem and such rest to her

As to peace-parted soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,

And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh

May Violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest,

A ministring Angell shall my sister be

When thou lyest howling.

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*.

Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,

I hop't thou should'st haue beene my *Hamlets* wife,

I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,

And not haue strew'd thy graue.

Laer. O trebble woe

*Enter King,
Quee, Laerte
and the corse*

me

Fa

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Fall tenne times double on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deede thy most ingenious sence
Deprived thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your dust vpon the quicke and dead.
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To'retop old Pelion, or the skyesh head
Of blew Olympus.

Ham. What is he whose griefe
Beares such an *Emphasis*, whose phraze of sorrow
Coniures the wandring starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder wounded hearers? tis I
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The Diuell take thy soule,

Ham. Thou pray'st not well, I prethee take thy fingers
For though I am not spleenatiue rash, (from my throat,
Yet haue I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom feare; hold off thy hand:

King. Plucke them a sunder.

Quee. Hamlet, Hamlet.

All. Gentlemen.

Hor. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame

Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

Quee. O my sonne, what theame?

Ham. I lou'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers

Could not with all their quantity of loue

Make vp my summe. What wilt thou doo for her.

King. O he is mad *Laertes*.

Quee. For loue of God forbear him:

Ham. S'wounds shew me what th'out doe:

Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't teare thy selfe,

Woo't drinke vp Efill, cate a Crocodile

He doo't: doost come heere to whine?

To out-face me with leaping in her graue,

Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.

And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw

Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground

Indging his pate against the burning Zone

Make

Prince of Denmarke.

Make Ossa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouth,
He rant as well as thou.

Quee. This is meere madnesse,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as the female Doe
When that her golden cuplets are disclosed
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Heare you sir,
What is the reason that you vse me thus?

I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,

Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may

The Cat will mew, a dogge will haue his day. *Exit Hamlet,*

King. I pray thee good *Horatio* waite vpon him. *and Horatio.*

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech,

Weele put the matter to the present push:

Good *Gertrard* set some watch ouer your sonne,

This graue shall haue a liuing monument,

An houre of quiet thereby shall we see.

Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this sir, now shall you see the other,

You doe remember all the circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord.

Ham. Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting

That would not let me sleepe, me thought I lay

Worse then the mutines in the bilbo's, rashly,

And pray'd be rashnes for it: let vs know,

Our indiscretion sometime serues vs well

When our deepe plots doe fall, and that should learne vs

Ther's a diuinity that shapes our ends,

Rough hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin,

My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke

Gropt I to find out them, had my desire,

Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew

To mine owne roome againe, making so bold

N

M

The Tragedy of Hamlet

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their graund commission; where I found *Horatio*
A royall knaury, an exact command
Larded with many leuerall sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmarke's health, and Englands to,
With hoe such bugges and goblins in my life,
That on the superuise no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be strooke off.

Hor. I't possible?

Ham. Heeres the commission, read it at more leasure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villaines,
Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
They had begunne the play, I sat me downe,
Deuid a new commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our statists doe
A basenesse to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but sir now
It did me yemans seruice, wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hor. I good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull tributary,
As loue betweene them like the palme might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland weare
And stand a *Comma* twene their amities,
And many such like, as sir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further more or lesse,
He should those bearers put to suddaine death,
Not shriuing time alow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why euen in that was heauen ordmant,
I had my fathers signet in my purse
Which was the model of that Danish seale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th' other,
Subscrib'd it, gau'th' impression, plac'd it safely,

The

Prince of Denmarke.

The changling neuer knowne: now the next day
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

Hor. So *Guyldensterne* and *Rosencrans* goe too't.

Ham. They are not neere my conscience; their defeat
Dooes by their owne insinuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe and fell incenced poynts
Of mighty opposits.

Hor. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Dooes it not thinke thee stand me now vpon?
Hee that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene the election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cosnage, i't not perfect conscience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordshippe is right welcome backe to Denmarke,

Ham. I humbly thanke you sir.

Doo'st know this water-fly?

Hor. No my good Lord,

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him,
He hath much land and fertill: let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his
crib shall stand at the Kings messe, tis a chough, but as I say, spaci-
ous in the possession of durt.

Cour. Sweet Lord, if your Lordshippe were at Leasure, I should
impart a thing to you from his Maiesty.

Ham. I will receiue it sir with all dilligence of spirit, your bonnet
to his right vse, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No beleue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Cour. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed,

Ham. But yet me thinkes it is very foultry and hot, or my com-
plexion.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very foultry, as t'were I cannot
tell how; my Lord his Maiesty bad me signifie to you, that a has layed
a great wager on your head, sir this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Cour. Nay good my Lord for my ease in good faith, sir here is newly
come to court *Laertes*, beleue me an absolute gentlemā, full of moi-
excellen

N 2

excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: indeede to speake feelingly of him, he is the card or kalender of Gentry: for you shall finde in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though I know to deuide him inuentorially, would dizzie th' arithmeticke of memory, and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick faile, but in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soule of great article, and his infusion of such dearch and rarenesse, ns to make true dixon of him, his semblable is his mirrour, and who els would trace him, his vmbage, nothing more.

Cour. Your Lordship speakes most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy sir, why do wee wrap the Gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. Ist not possible to vnderstand in another tongue, you will doo't sir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this Gentleman?

Cour. Of Laertes.

Hora. His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him sir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did sir, yet in sayth if you did, it would not much approoue me, well sir.

Cour. You are ignorant of what excellence Laertes is

Ham. I dare not confesse that, least I should compare with him in excellence, but to know a man well, were to know himselfe.

Cour. I meane sir for this weapon, but in the imputation layd on him by them in his meed, hee's vnfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapiar and Digger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

Cour. The King sir hath warged with him six Barbary horses against the which he has impaund as I take it six french Rapiers and Poynards, with their assignes, as girdle, hanger and so. Three of the cariages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very responsiue to the hilts, most dilicate cariages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the cariages?

Hora. Iknew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

done.

Cour. The carriage sir are the hangers.

Ham. The phraze would be more German to the matter if wee could carry a Cannon by our sides, I would it might be hangers till then, but on, six Barbary horses against six french swords their assignes, and three liberall conceited cariages, that's the French bet against the Danish, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King sir, hath laid sir, that in a dozen passes betweene your selfe and him, hee shall not excede you three hits, hee hath layd on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate tryall, if your Lordshippe would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the opposition of your person in tryall.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, If it please his Maiesty, it is the breathing time of day with mee, let the foyles be brought, the Gentleman willinge, and the Kinge hold his purpose; I will winne for him and I can, if not I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliuer you so?

Ham. To this effect sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Cour. I commend my duty to your Lordshippe.

Ham. Yours doo's well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues els for's turne.

Hora. This Lapwing runnes away with the shell on his head.

Ham. A did so sir with his dugg before a suckt it, thus has he and many more of the same breede that I know the droffy age dotes on, onely got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of misty collection, which carryes them through and through the most prophane and trennowned opinions, and doe but blowe them to their tryall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maiesty commended him to you by younge Ostricke, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall, hee sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the Kings pleasure, if his fitnes speakes, mine is ready: now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

N 3

Lord.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Lord. The King and Queene and all are comming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you goe to play.

Ham. Shee well instructs me.

Hora. You will loose my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since hee went into France, I haue bin in continuall practise, I shall winne at the ods; thou would'st not thinke how ill all's heere about my heart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is such a kinde of game-giuing, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hora. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestall their repaire hether and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit we desie augury, there is speciall providence in the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it bee not to come, it will be now, if it bee not now, yet it will come, the readines is all, since no man of ought hee leaues, knowes what ist to leaue betimes, let bee.

A table prepar'd, Trumpets, Drums and Officers with Cushions, King, Queene, and all the state Foiles, Daggers, and Laertes.

King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong, But pardon't as you are a Gentleman, this presence knowes, And you must needs haue heard, how I am punisht With a sore distraction: what I haue done That might your nature, honor, and exception Roughly awake I heere proclaime was madnes, Wast *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes*? neuer *Hamlet*, If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away,

And when hee's not himselfe, doo's wrong *Laertes*,

Then *Hamlet* doo's it not, *Hamlet* denies it,

Who dooes it then? his madnes. Ist be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,

His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* enemy,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,

Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts

That I haue shot my arrowe ore the house

And

Prince of Denmarke.

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature, Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor Istand a loofe, and will no reconcilment, Till by some elder Maisters of knowne honor I haue a voyce and president of peace To my name vngor'd: but all that time I doe receiue your offerd loue, like loue, And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager frankly play.

Give vs the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance Your skill shall like a starre i'th darke night Stick fiery of indeed.

Laer. You mocke me sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Give them the foiles young *Ostricke*, cosin *Ham*. You know the wager,

Ham. Very well my Lord, Your grace has layde the ods a'th weaker side.

King. I doe not feare it, I haue seene you both, But since he is better, we haue therefore ods.

Laer. This is to heauy: let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well, these foiles haue all a length.

Ostr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the stoopes of wine vpon the table, If *Hamlet* giue the first or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.

The King shall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,

And in the cup an Onixe shall he throw,

Richer then that which foure successiue Kings

In Denmarks Crowne haue worne: give me the cups,

And let the kettle to the trumpet speake,

The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,

The Cannons to the heauens, the heauen to earth,

Now

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Now the King drinks to Hamlet, come beginne. *Trumpeets*
 And you the Iudges beare a wary eye. *the while.*
 Ham. Come on sir.
 Laer. Come my Lord.
 Ham. One.
 Laer. No.
 Ham. Judgement.
 Ostr. A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, trumpeets and shot.*
 Laer. Well, againe. *Flourish, a peace goes off.*
 King. Stay, giue me drinke, Hamlet this pearle is thine.
 Heeres to thy health, giue him the cup.
 Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while.
 Come, another hit. What say you?
 Laer. I doe confest.
 King. Our sonne shall winne.
 Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.
 Heere Hamlet take my napkin rub thy browes,
 The Queene carowfes to thy fortune Hamlet.
 Ham. Good Madam.
 King. Gertraud, doe not drinke.
 Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.
 King. It is the poyfined cup, it is too late.
 Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.
 Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.
 Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.
 King. I doe not think it.
 Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.
 Ham. Com for the third Laertes, you doe but dally.
 I pray you passe with your best violence.
 I am lured you make a wanton of me.
 Laer. Say you so come on.
 Ostr. Nothing neither way.
 Laer. Haue at you now.
 King. Part them, they are incens'd.
 Ham. Nay come againe.
 Ostr. Look to the Queene there hoe.
 Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord?
 Ostr. Hoft ist Laeres?
 Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne sprindge. *Ostrick*

Prince of Denmarke.

I am iustly kild with mine owne treachery.
 Ham. How does the Queene?
 King. She sounds to see them bleed.
 Quee. No no, the drinke, the drinke, O my deare Hamlet!
 The drinke, the drinke, I am poyfined.
 Ham. O villanie! hoe let the dore be lock't,
 Treachery, seeke it out.
 Laer. It is heere Hamlet, thou art flaine,
 No medcin in the world can do thee good,
 In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
 The treacherous instrument is in my hand
 Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practife
 Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe here I lye
 Neuer to rise againe: thy mother's poyfined,
 I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame.
 Ham. The point enuenom'd to, then venom to thy worke.
 All. Treason, treason.
 King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.
 Ham. Here thou incestious damned Dane,
 Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?
 Follow my mother.
 Laer. He is iustly ferd, it is a poyson temperd by himsefe.
 Exchange forgiuenes with me noble Hamlet,
 Mine and my fathers death come not vppon thee,
 Northine on me.
 Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
 I am dead Horatio, wretched Queene adiew.
 You that looke pale and tremble at this chance,
 That are but mutes, or audience to this act,
 Had I but time as this fell Sergeant Death
 Is strict in his arrest, O I could tell you!
 But let it be; Horatio I am dead,
 Thou liuest, report me and my cause aright
 To the vsatisfied.
 Hora. Neuer beleene it;
 I am more an antike Romane then a Dane,
 Heere's yet some liquor left.
 Ham. As th'art a man
 Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,

The Tragedy of Hamlet

O God *Horatio*! what a wounded name
Things standing thus vnknowne, shall I leaue behind me?
If thou didst euer hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine
To tell my story: what warlike noise is this?

*A march a
farre off.*

Enter Osrick.

Os. Young *Fortinbrasse* with conquest come from Poland,
Th' embass. dors of England giues this warlike volly.

Ham. O I die *Horatio*,
The potent poyson quite ore-growes my spirit,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from England,
But I do prophesie the election lights
On *Fortinbrasse*, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him with th' occurants more and lesse
Which haue solicited, the rest is silence.

Hra. Now cracks a noble heart, good night sweet Prince,
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest,
Why dooes the drumme come hether?

Enter Fortinbrasse, with the Embassadors.

Fortin. Where is this sight?

Hora. What is it you would see?

If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fortin. This quarry cries on hauock, O proud death
What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloudily hast strooke?

Embas. The sight is dismall
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are sencelesse that should giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandement is fulfilld,
That *Rosencraus* and *Guyldenstirne* are dead,
Where should wee haue our thanks?

Hora. Not from his mouth
Had it th' ability of life to thanke you;
He neuer gaue commandement for their death;
But since to iump vpon this bloody question

Prince of Denmarke.

You from the *Pollock* warres, and you from England
Are heere arriued, giue order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let mee speake, to th' yet vnknowing world
How these things came about; so shall you heare
Of cruell, bloody and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall iudgements, casuall slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause,
And in this vpshot, purposes mistooke,
False on the inuenters heads: all this can I
Truely deliuer.

Fort. Let vs hast to heare it,
And call the noblest to the audience,
For me with sorrow I embrace my fortune,
I haue some rights of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to claime my vantage doth inuite me.

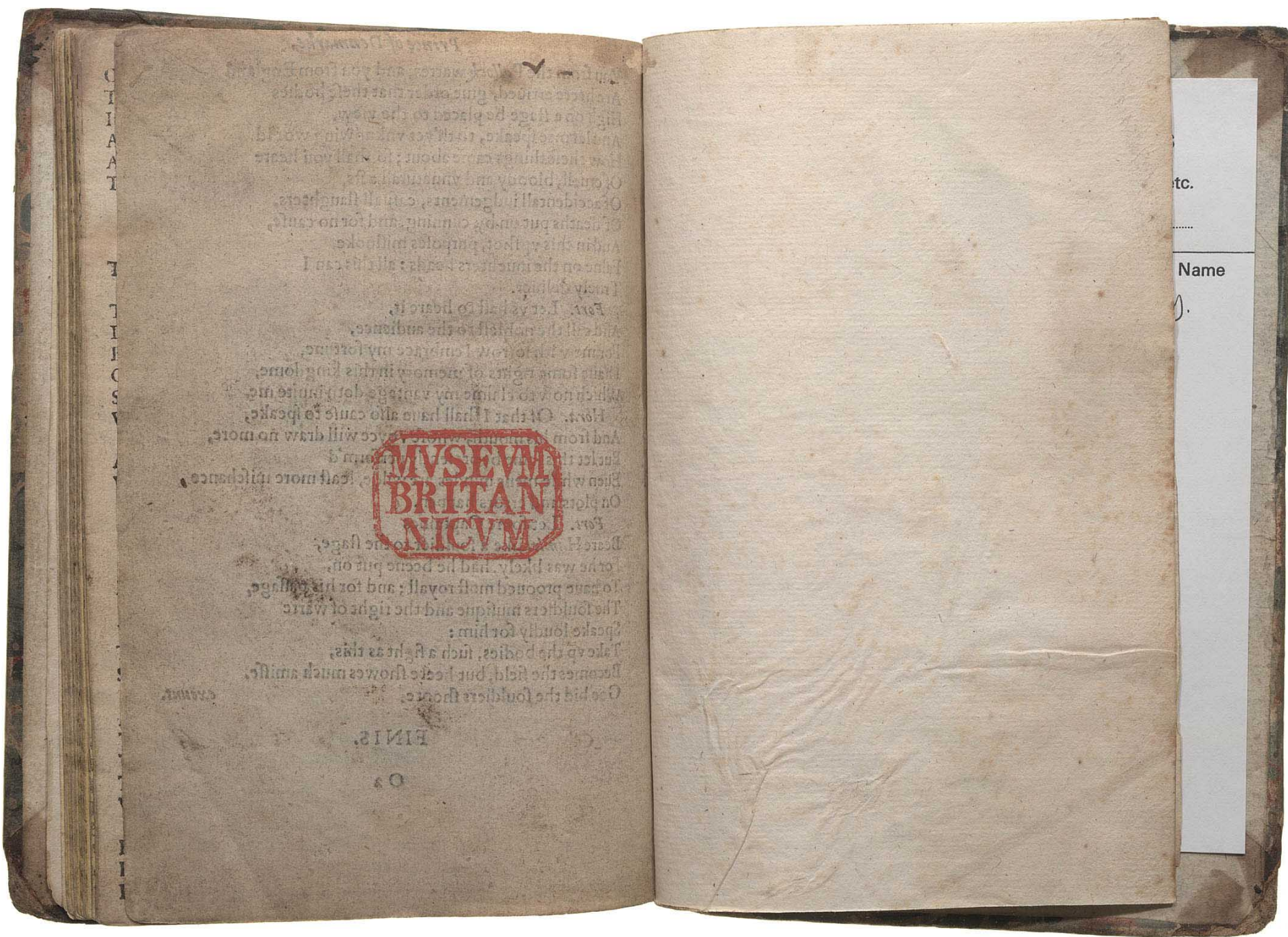
Hora. Of that I shall haue also cause to speake,
And from his mouth, whose voyce will draw no more,
But let this same be presently perform'd
Euen while mens mindes are wilde, least more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a souldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on,
To haue prooued most royall; and for his passage,
The souldiers musique and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him:
Take vp the bodies, such a fight as this,
Becomes the field, but heere shoues much amisse.
Goe bid the souldiers shoote.

exennt.

FINIS.

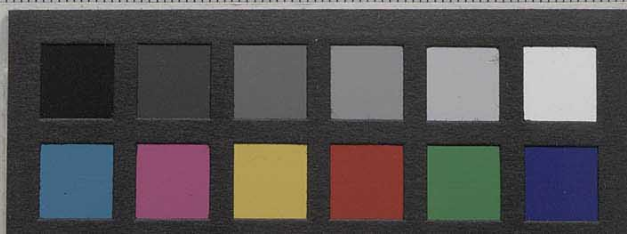
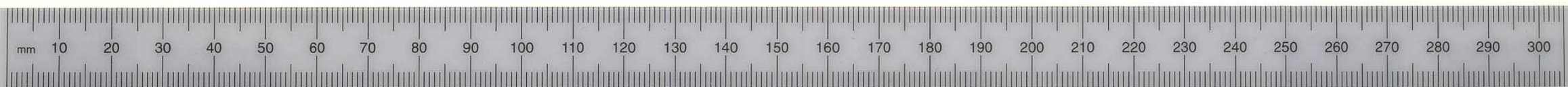
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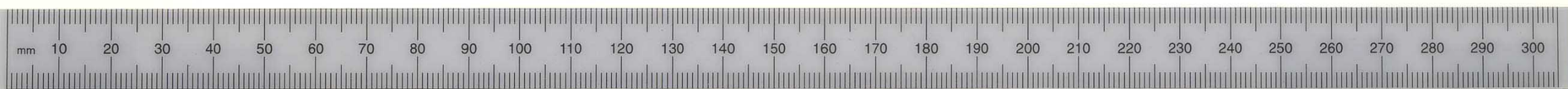
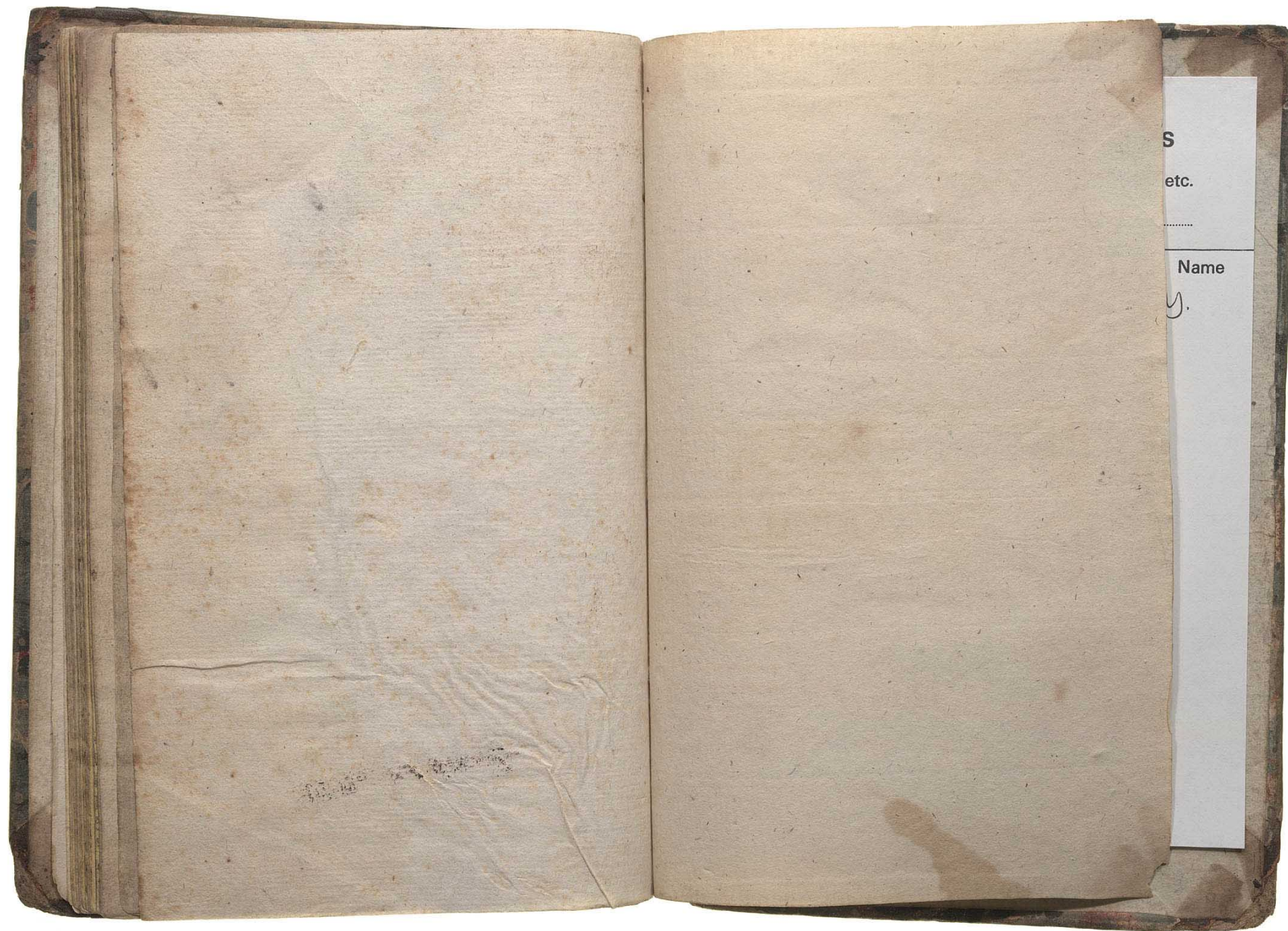


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DEPARTMENT OF MANUSCRIPTS

Record of Treatment, Extraction, Repair, etc.

of MS. no. C71. B2.

Date	Particulars	Name
12.02.03	Front board reattached: koro, v.s.p and acrylic	M.

MSS SR7

7/75 7961 351136 8m H&S(P)Ltd Gp841

